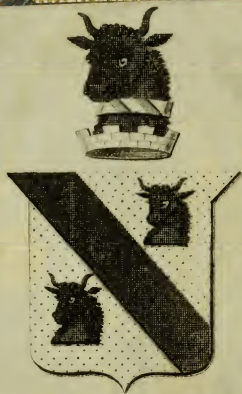


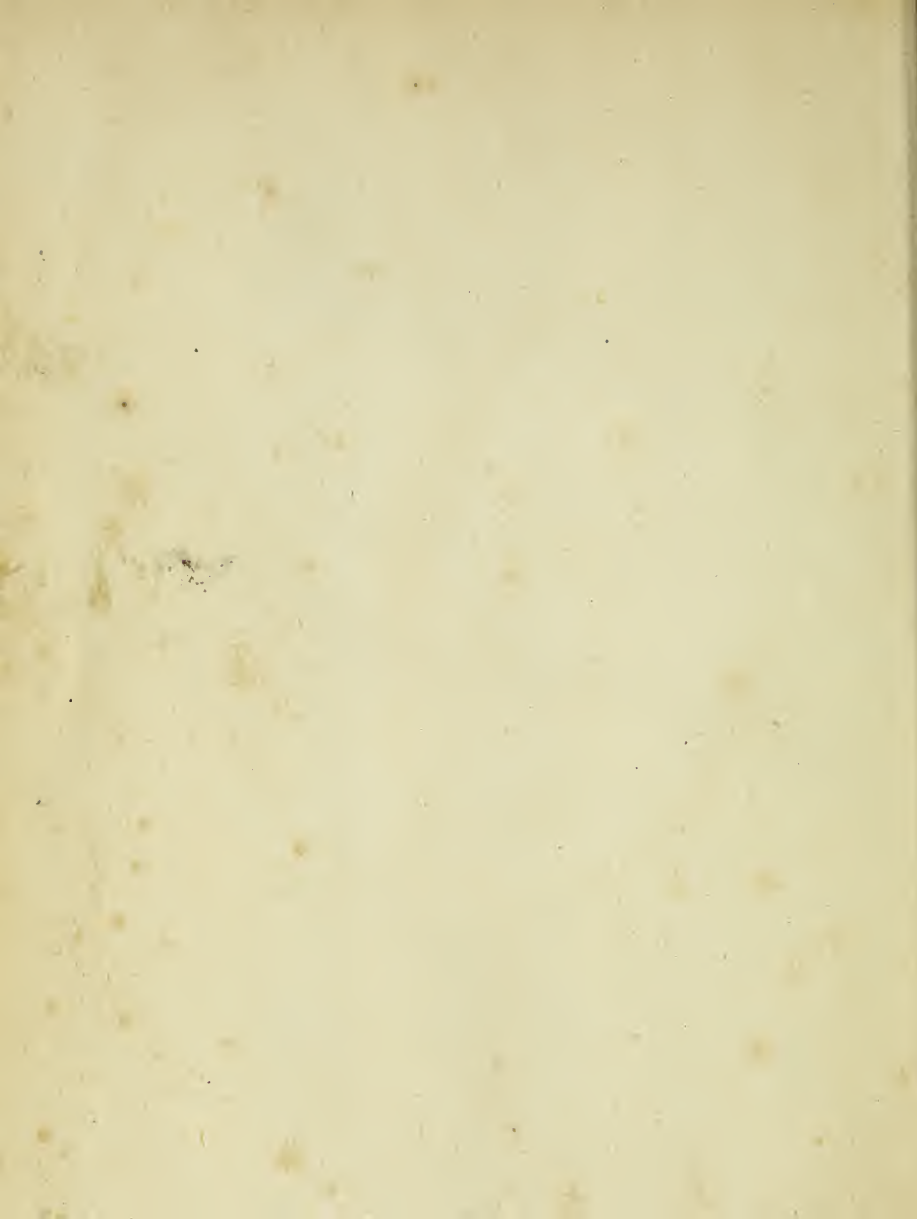


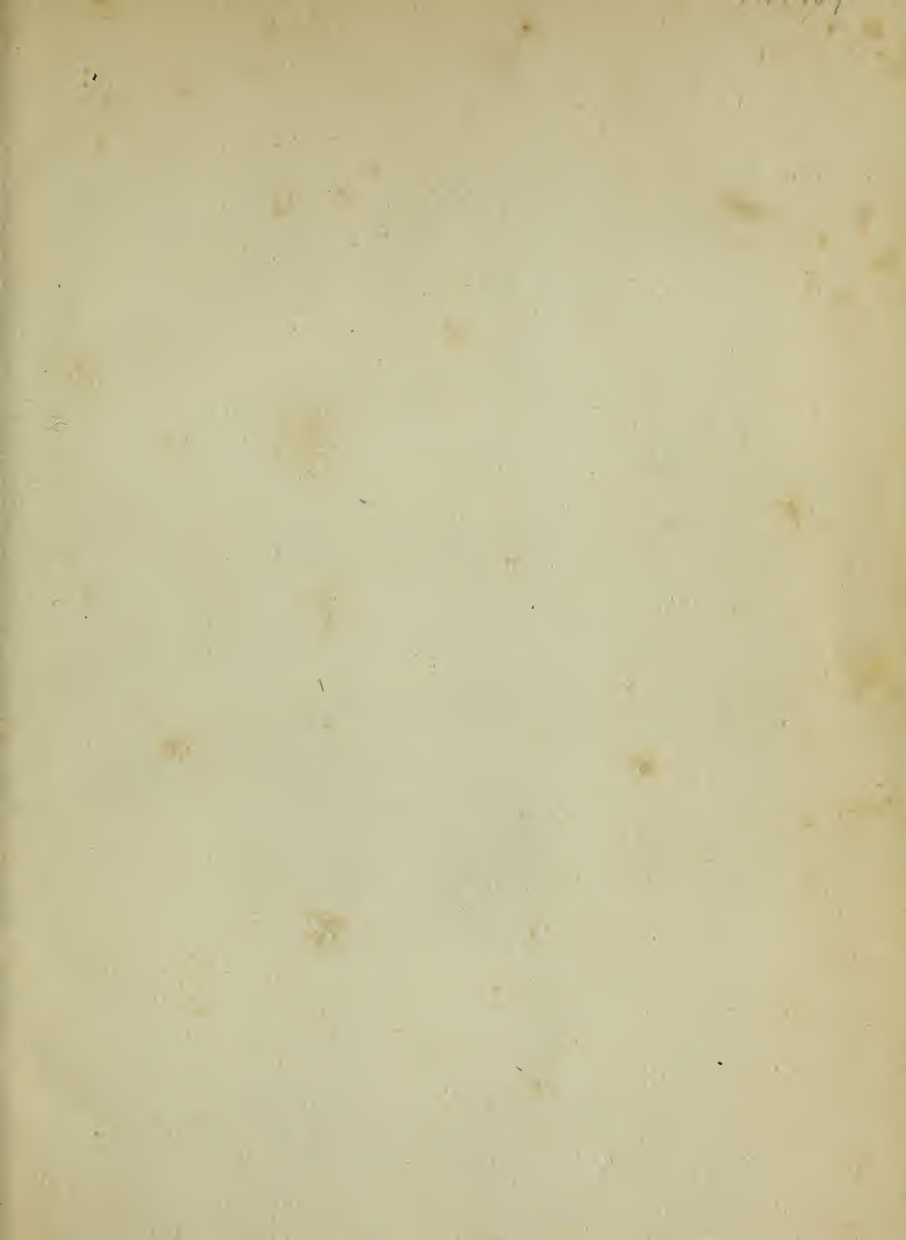
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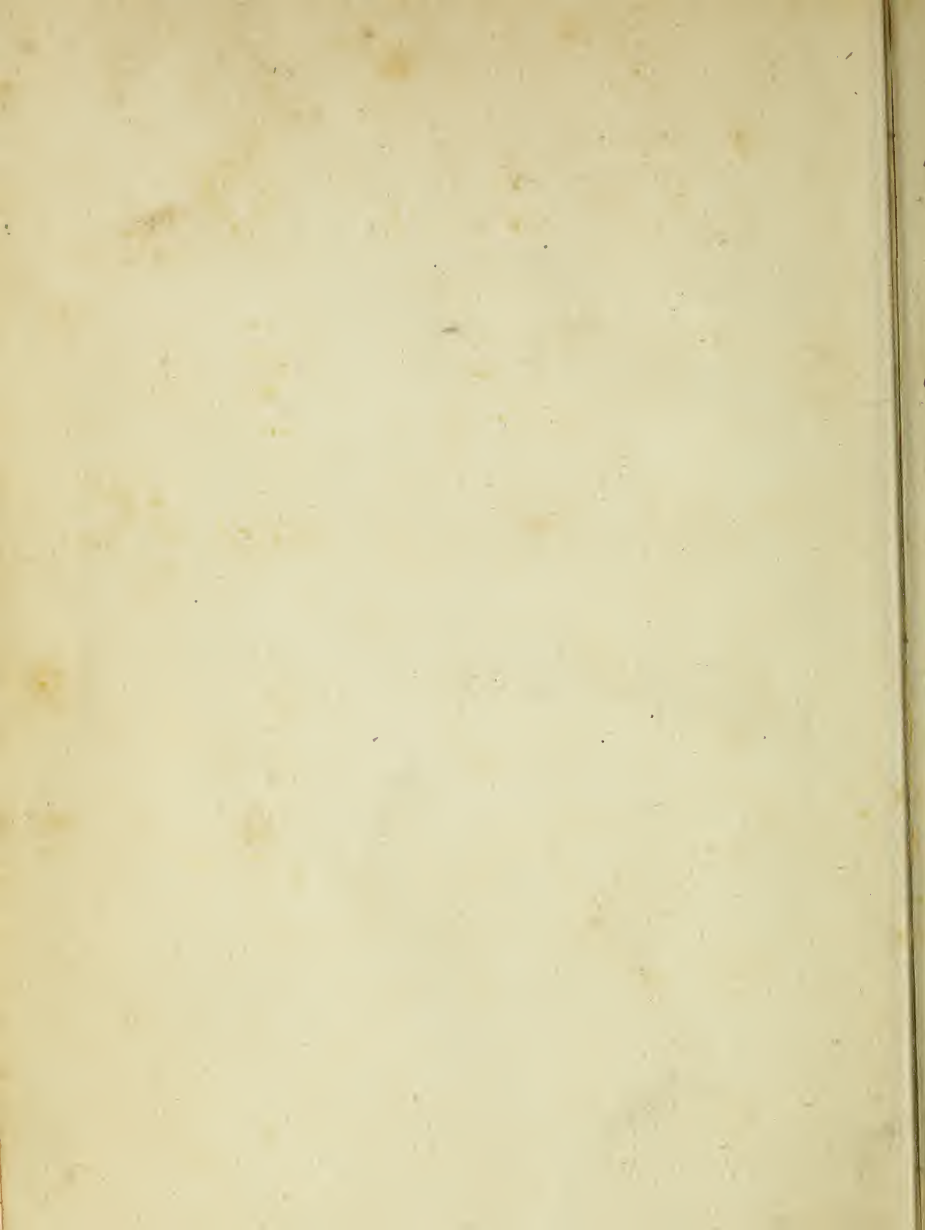


William Holgate.









VVHAT YOV VVILL.

By

John Marston.



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1873

What you will:

INDVCTION.

Before the Musicke sounds for the Acte: Enter Atticus, Doricus, & Phylomuse, they sit a good while on the Stage before the Candles are lighted, talking together, & on suddaine Doricus speaks.

Enter Tier-man with lights.

Dor. **O** Fie some lights, thus fie, let there be no deeds of darknesse done among vs.--- I so, so, prece thee Tier-man set *Sineor Snuffe* a fier, he's a chollerick Gentleman, he will take Pepper in the nose instantly, feare not, for Heauen I wonder they tolerate him so nere the Stage.

Phy. Faith *Doricus*, thy braine boiles, keele it, keele it, or all the fatts in the fire: in the name of *Phæbus*, what merry *Genius* haunts thee to day, thy lips play with Feathers.

Dor. Troth they should pick straws before they should be idle, *Atti*, But why, but why doost thou wonder they dare suffer *Snuffe* so neere the Stage?

Dor. O well recald, marry Sir *sineor Snuffe*, *Mounseieur Mem*, and *Canaliero Blirt*, are three of the most to bee fear'd Auditors that euer-----

Phy. Pish for shame, stint thy idle chatte.

Dor. Nay dreame what-so-ere your fantasie swimmes on *Phylomuse*, I protest in the loue you haue procured mee to beare your friend the Author, I am vehemently fearefull, this three-fold halter of contempt that choakes the breath of witte, these aforesaid *tria sunt omnia*, Knights of the *Mear* will sitt heaue on the skirtes of his Sceanes, if---

Phy. If what? beleeue it *Doricus* his spirit, Is higher blouded then to quake and pant

At the report of *Skoffes* Artillery;
Shall he be creast-falne, if some looser braine,
In flux of witte vnciuely besilth

His slight composures? shall his bosome faint

If drunken *Censure* belch out sewer breath,
From *Hatreds* surfet on his labours front?

Nay say some halfe a dozen rancorous breasts
Should plant them-selues on purpose to discharge

WHAT YOU WILL.

Impostum'd malice on his latest Sceane
 Shall his resolute be struck through with the blirt,
 Of a goose breath? What imperfect borne?
 What short liu'd *Meteor*? what cold harted Snow
 Would melt in dolor? cloud his mudded eyes
 Sinck downe his iawes, if that some iuicles huf k
 Some boundlesse ignorance should on sudden shoote
 His grosse knob'd burbolt, with *that's not so good,*
Mew, blirt, ha, ha, light Chaffy stuff?
 Why gentle spirits what loose wauiing fane?
 What any thing would thus be skru'd about
 With each slight touch of od Phantasmatas?
 No let the feeble palseid lamier ioynts, '
 Leane on opinions crutches, let the —————

Dor. Nay, nay, nay, Heauens my hope, I cannot smoth this
 Witts death I cannot, what a leaprous humor (straine,
 Breaks from ranke swelling of these bubbling wits?
 Now out vp-pont: I wonder what tite braine:
 Wrung in this custome to mainetaine *Contempt*
 Gainst common *Censure*: to giue stiffe counter buffes
 To crack rude skorne euen on the very face
 Of better audience. Slight ist not odious,
 Why harke you honest, honest *Phylomuse*
 (You that indeauor to indeere our thoughts,
 To the composers spirit) hold this firme:
Musike and Poetry were first approu'd
 By common scence; and that which pleased most,
 Held most allowed passe: not rules of Art
 Were shapt to pleasure, not pleasure to your rules,
 Thinke you if that his sceanes tooke stampe in mint
 Of three or foure deem'd most iuditious,
 It must inforce the world to currant them
 That you must spit defiance on dislike?
 Now as I loue the light were I to passe
 Through publick verdit, I should feare my forme
 Least ought I offerd were vnsquard or warp'd,
 „ The more we know, the more we know we want
 „ What *Bayard* boulder then the ignorant?

„Beleeue me *Phylomuse*: ifaith thou must

„*The best best seale of wit, is wits distrust.*

Phy. Nay gentle *Doricus*.

Dor. Ile here no more of him; nay and your friend the Author, the composer: the *What you will*: seemes so faire in his owne glasse, so straight in his owne measure that hee talkes once of squinting *Critickes*, drunken *Censure*, splay-footed *Opinion*, iuidles huskes, I ha done with him, I ha done with him.

Phy. Pew nay then —————

Dor. As if any such vnsanctified stuffe could finde a beeing monge these ingenuous breasts.

Atti. Come, let passe, let passe, lers see what stuffe must cloath our eares: what's the plaies name? *Phy.* *What you will.*

Dor. Ist *Commedy*, *Tragedy*, *Pastorall*, *Morall*, *Nocturnal* or *Historie*.

Phy. Faith perfectly neither, but euen *What you will*, a slight toye, lightly composed, to swiftly finisht, ill plotted, worse written, I feare me worst acted, and indeed *What you will*.

Dor. Why I like this vaine well now.

At. Come, wee straine the spectators patience in delaying their expected delightes. Lets place our selues within the Curtaines, for good faith the Stage is so very little we shall wrong the generall eye els very much.

Phy. If youle stay but a little Ile accompany you, I haue in-gag'd my selfe to the Author to giue a kind of inductiue speech to his *Commedy*.

At. Away: you neglect your selfe, a gentleman —————

Phy. Tut I haue vow'd it, I am double charg'd, go of as't twil, Ile set fire to it.

Dor. Ile not stand it, may chance recoile, and be not stuff'd with salte-peeter, well marke the report, marke the report.

Phy. Nay pree thee stay, slid the female presence; the Gentle-letza; the women will put me out.

Dor. And they striue to put thee out, doe thou indeuor to put them.

Atti. In good faith if they put thee out of countenance; put thou them out of patience; & hew their eares with hacking imperfect vtterance.

WHAT YOU WILL.

Dor. Goe stand to it, shew thy selfe a tale man of thy tongue, make an honest legge, put off thy Cap with discrete carriage: and so we leaue thee to the kinde Gentlemen, and most respected Auditors. *Exeunt, remanet tantum Phylomusus.*

PROLOGVS.

NOR labours hee the fauor of the rude,
Nor offers sops vnto the Stigian Dogge
To force a scilence in his viperous tounge:
Nor cares he to insinuate the grace,
Of loath'd detraction, nor persues the loue
Of the nice Criticks of this squeamish age,
Nor strines he to beare vp with euery saile
Of floting Censure: nor once dreads or care's
What enuious hand his guiltles Muse hath struck,
Sweet breath from tainted stomacks who can suck:
But to the faire proportion'd loues of witte,
To the iust skale of euen paized thoughts:
To those that know the pangs of bringing forth
A perfect feature: to their gentle mindes,
That can as soone slight of, as finde a blemish,
To those as vmbly lowe as to their feete
I am oblig'd to bend: to those his Muse,
Makes solemne honour, for their wish'd delight:
He vowes industrious sweat shall pale his cheeke,
But heele glose vp sleeke obiects for their eyes:
For those he is asham'd, his best's too badd,
A silly subiect too too simply cladd
Is all his present, all his ready pay,
For many many debts. Giue further day
Ile giue a Proverbe, Sufferance giueth ease:
So you may once be paid, we once may please.

Exit.

ACT.

ACT. 1. SCÆ. 1.

*Enter Quadratus, Phylus following him with a lute,
a Page going before Quadratus with a torch.*

Phy. O I beseech you Sir reclaime his wits,
My masters mad, starke mad, alas for loue;

Qua. For loue? nay and he be not mad for hate,
Tis amiable fortune; I tell thee youth
Right rare and geason: strang? mad for loue,
O show me him Ile giue him reasons straight.
So forcible so all inuincible,
That it shall drag loue out: run mad for loue?
What mortally existes, on which our hearts
Should be inamored with such passion?
For loue? come *Phylus*; come Ile chaung his fate,
In steed of loue Ile make him mad for hate.
But troth say what straines his madnesse of?

Phy. Phantasticall.

Qua. Immure him, skonce him, barrecadoe him int,
Phantasticall mad, thrice blessed heart;
Why harke good *Phylus*: (o that thy narrow sence,
Could but containe me now) all that existis,
Takes valuation from oppinion:
A giddy minion now: pish, thy tast is dull,
And canst not relish me, come wher's *Iacomo*.

Enter Iacomo vnbraced and careles drest

Phy. Looke where he coms: O map of boundles wo!

Iaco. Yon gleame is day, darknes, sleepe and feare,
Dreames, and the vgly visions of the night
Are beate to hell by the bright palme of light,
Now romes the swaine and whissells vp the morne:
Deepe Silence breakes: all things start vp with light,
Only my hart, that endles night and day,
Lies bed-red, crippeld by coy *Lucia*,

Qua. There's a straine law.

WHAT YOU WILL.

Nay now I seee hee's madde most palpable,
He speakes like a player, hah ! poetically.

Iaco. The wanton spring lyes dallying with the earth,
And powers fresh blood in her decayed vaines,
Looke how the new sapt branches are in childe
With tender infants, how the Sunne drawes out,
And shapes their moysture into thousand formes
Of sprouting buddes, all things that show or breath,
Are now instaur'd, sauing my wretched brest,
That is eternally congeald with Ice
Offroz'd, dispaire. *O Celia, coy, to nice.*

Qua. Still saunce question mad ?

Iaco. O where doth *Piety* and *Pitty* rest ?

Qua. Fetch cordes he's irrecoverable, mad, ranke madde,
He calls for strange *Chymeras*, fictions
That haue no being since the curse of death
Was throwne on man: *Pitty* and *Piety*,
Whole daine conuerse with them ? alas vaine head,
Pitty and *Piety* are long since dead.

Iaco. Ruine to Chaunce, and all that strue to stand,
Like swolne *Colosses* on her tottering *Base*.
Fortune is blinde-----

Qua. You lye, you lye,
None but a mad man would terme *Fortune* blind,
How can shee see to wound desert so right ?
Iust in the speeding place : to girt leud browes
With honord wreath; ha ? *Fortune* blinde ? away,
How can shee hud-winkt then so rightlly see,
To starue rich worth and glut iniquitie ?

Iaco. O Loue !

Qua. Loue ? hang loue,
It is the abiect out-cast of the world,
Hate all things, hate the world, thy selfe, all men,
Hate knowledge, strue not to be ouer-wise,
,, It drew distruction into Paradise,
Hate Honor, Vertue, they are baites,
That tice mens hopes to sadder fates,
Hate beautie, euery ballad-monger,

Can cry his idle foppish humor
 Hate riches, wealthes a flattering Iacke,
 A dore to face, mewes hind thy backe,
 He that is poore is firmly sped,
 He neuer shall be flattered,
 All things are error, durt and nothing,
 Or pant with want or gorg'd to lothing,
 Loue onely hate, affect no higher
 Then praise of heauen, wine, a fire.
 Suck vp thy daies in silent breath,
 When their snuffs out come *Senior* death.
 Now Sir adieu runne mad and twilt,
 The worst is this my rimes but spilt.

Iaco Thy rimes are spilt who would not run ranke mad,
 To see a wandring *French* man riual, nay
 Out-strip my sute. He kist my *Celias* cheeke,

Qua. Why man I saw my dog euen kisse thy *Celias* lippes,

Iaco. To morrow morne they goe to wld,

Qua. Well then I know.

Whether to morrow night they goe.

Iaco. Say quick.

Qua To bed

Iaco. I will inuoke the triple *Heccate*,
 Make chaimes as potent as the breath of Fate,
 But Ile confound the match,

Qua. Nay then good day,

And you be coniuring once Ile slink away, *Exit Quadratus*.

Iaco. Boy could not *Orpheus* make the stones to daunce?

Phy. Yes Sir.

Iaco. Bir Lady a sweete touch: did he not bring *Euroidice* out of
 hell with his lute.

Phy So they say Sir,

Iaco. And thou chanst bring *Celias* head out of the window
 with thy Lute, well hazard thy breath: looke Sir heares a ditty.
 Tis fouly writ slight wit cross'd here and there,
 But where thou findest a blot, their fall a teare.

The Song.

Fie peace, peace, peace, it hath no passion int.

WHAT YOU WILL.

O melt thy breath in fluent softer tunes
 That euery note may seeme to tricle downe
 Like sad distilling teares and make : O God
 That I were but a Poet now t' expresse my thoughts
 Or a Musitian but to sing my thoughts
 Or any thing but what I am, sing't ore once more
 My greefes a boundles sea that hath no shore.

*Hee Singes and is answered, from above a Willow garland is
 floung downe and the songe ceaseth,*

Is this my fauor? am I crown'd with skorne?
 Then thus I manumit my slaue'd condition.
Celia but heare me execrate thy loue.
 By heauen that once was conscious of my loue
 By all that is that knowes my all was thine
 I will perseu with detestation.
 Thawart without stretched vehemence of hate
 Thy wished *Hymen*: I will craze my braine
 But all disceauer all : thy hopes vnite
 What rage so violent as loue turn'd spight?

Enter Randolfo and Andrea with a supplication reading.

Ra. Humbly complayning kissing the hands of your excellence your
 pore orators *Randolfo and Andrea* beseecheth forbidding of the dishonord
 match of their Neece *Celia* Widdow to their Brother-----
 O twill do, twill do, it can not chuse but doe.

And. What should one say what should one do now, vymph
 If she do match with yon same wandring knight
 Shee's but vndone, her estimation, wealth -----

Iaco. Nay sir her estimations mounted vp
 She shall be Ladi'd and sweete *Madam'd* now.

Ran. Be Ladi'd ha, ha, O could she but recaule
 The honord Port of her deceased loue ;
 But thinke whose wife she was, God wot no knights
 But one (that title of) was euen a Prince
A. Sultane Sollyman: thrice was he made.

In dangerous armes *Venice* prouidetore.

An. He was a Marchant, but so bounteous
 Valiant, wise, learned, all so absolute
 That naughts, was valewed praisfull excellent

But in it was he most praisfull excellent.

Iaco. O I shall nere forget how he went cloath'd
He would maintaine't a base ill vs'd fashion
To bind a Marchant to the sullen habit
Of precise black, cheefly in *Venice* state.
Where Marchants guilt the top
And therefore should you haue him passe the bridge
Vp the *Rialto* like a soldier
(As still hee stood a *Potestate* at sea)

Ran. In a black beuer felt, ash colour plaine
A *Florentine* cloth of siluer Ierkin, sleeues
White fatten cut on tinsell, then long stocke.

Iaco. French paines imbroder'd, Gold-smithes worke, O God!
Me thinks I see him now how he would walke:
With what a iolly presence he would pace
Round the *Rialto*. Well hee's soone forgot
A straggling sir in his rich bed must sleepe
Which if I can not crosse, Ile curse and weepe.
Shall I be plaine as *Truth*, I loue your Sister
My education birth and wealth deserues her
I haue no crosse, no rub to stop my sute
But *Lanardur's* a knight, that strikes all mute.

An. I ther's the diuill, she must be Ladi'd now.

Iaco. O ill nur'd custome no soner is the wealthy Marchant
His wife left great in faire possessions (dead
But giddie rumor graspes it twixt his teeth
And shakes it bout our eares. Then thether flock
A rout of crased fortunes whose crakt states
Gape to be fodderd vp by the rich masse
Of the deceased labores, and now and then
The troupe of. *I beseech and I protest*!

And beleene it sweete, is mix'd with too or three
Hopefull, well stockt, neat clothed *Cytizens*

Ran. But as we see the sonne of a Diuine
Seldome proues Preacher, or a Lawiers sonne
Rarely a pleader, (for they striue to Run
A various fortune from their Auncestors)
So tis right geason for the Marchantes widow,

To be the *Cytizens* lou'd second spouse.

Iaco. Variety of obiectes please vs still
One dish though nere so cookt doth quickly fill.
When diuerſe eates the pallats ſcience delight
And with freſh taſt creates new appetite.
Therefore my widdow ſhe caſteers the blackes
For ſweares, turries of the furd-gownes, and ſuruaies
The bedrowle of her ſutors thinkes and thinkes,
And ſtraight her queſting thoughts ſprings vp a knight,
Haue after then a maine the gam's a foote
The match clapt vp, tut tis the knight muſt do't.

Ran. Then muſt my pretty peate be Fan'd and Coach'd.

Iaco. Muſt Mask'd and Ladied, with my more then moſt
ſweete Madam,

But how long doth this perfume of ſweete Madam laſt?
Faith tis but a waſh ſent. My Riotous ſir
Beginnes to crack Geſtes on his Ladies front,
Touches her new ſtampt gentry, takes a glut
Keepes out, abandons home, and ſpends and ſpends.
Till ſtock be melted, then ſir takes vp heere
Takes vp there, till no where ought is left.
Then for the Low-countries, hay for the *French*.
And ſo (to make vp time) god night ſweete wench.

Ran. By bleſſedneſſe weele ſtop this fatall lot.

Iaco. But how but how?

Ran. Why ſtay lets thinke a plot.

An. Was not *Albano Beletzo* honorable rich?

Ran. Not peer'd in *Venice*, for birth, fortune loue.

An. Tis ſkarce three monthes ſince fortune gaue him dead.

Ran. In the blacke fight in the *Venetian* gulfe.

An. You hold a truth.

Ran. Now what a gigglet is this *Celia*?

An. To match ſo ſuddaine ſo vn worthely?

Ran. Why ſhe might haue

An. Who might not *Celia* haue?

The passionate manord *Iacomo*.

Iaco. The passionate manord *Iacomo*.

An. Of honord lineage, and not meanly rich.

Ran. The sprightfull *Piso*, the great *Florentine*,
Aurelius Tuber.

And. And to leaue these all,
And wed a wandring Knight Sir *Lanerdure*,
A God knowes what?

Ran. Brother she shall not, shal our blood be moungreld with
the corruption of a stragling *French*?

And. Saint *Marke* she shall not,

Iaco. She shall not fathers by; our brother soules.

Ran. Good day.

Iaco. With me good day? it stands in idle stead,
My *Celias* lost, all my good daies are dead.

The Cornets sound a flourish.

Harke Lorenzo Celso the loose *Venice* Duke,
Is going to bed, tis now a forward morne -
Fore he take rest. O strange transformed sight,
When Princes make night day the day there night.

And Come weelee petition him,

Iaco Away away,
He skornes all plaints makes iest of serious sute.

Ran. Fall out as't will I am resolved to do't.

The Cornets sound.

Enter the Duke coppled with a Lady, two cooples more with them,
the men hauing tobacco pipes in their hands, the woemen sitt,
they daunce a round. The Petition is deliuered up by Ran-
dolfo, the Duke lightes his tobacco pipe with it and goes out
dauncing.

Ran. Saint *Marke* Saint *Marke*.

Iaco. Did not I tell you, loose no more rich time,
What can one get but mier from a swine?

And. Lets worke a crosse, weelee fame it all aboute
The *French* mans gelded.

Ran. O thats absolute.

Iaco. Fic ont away, she knowes to well tis false,
If seare it to well. No no I hau't will strongly doe't,
Who knowes *Francisco Soranza*?

Ran. Pish, pish, why what of him?

Iaco. Is he not wondrous like your decez'd kinsman *Albano*.

WHAT YOV WIL.

And, Exceedingly, the strangest neerly like
In voice, in gesture face in----

Ran, Nay he hath *Albanos* in perfection too,
And stuttes when he is vehemently mou'd.

Iaco, Obserue me then, him would I haue disguis'd,
Most perfect like *Albano* : giuing out,
Albano sau'd by swimming (as in faith
'Tis knowne he swoine most strangely) rumor him,
This morne arriu'd in *Venice*, heere to lurke
As hauing heard the for-ward Nuptials,
T'obserue his wifes most infamous lewd hast
And to reuenge----

Ran, I hau't, I hau't, I hau't, 'twill be inuincible.

Iaco, By this meanes now some little time we catch,
For better hopes at least disturbe the match.

And, Ile to *Francisco*.

Ran, Brother *Adrian*

You haue our brothers picture, shape him to it.

And, Precise in each but *Tassell*, feare it not.

Ran, Saint *Marke* then prosper once, our hopefull plot.

Iaco, Good soules, good day, I haue not slept last night,
Ile take a nap, then pell mell broach all spight. *Exeunt*.

ACTVS 2. SCENA. 1.

*One knockes : Lauerdure drawes the Curtaines sitting on his
bed apparalling himselfe, his trunk of appaile
standing by him.*

Lau, Ho Bydett Lackey.

Byd, Sinior? *Enter Bydett with Water and a Towell.*

Lau, See who knocks, looke you boy, peruse their habits, re-
turne perfect notice, la la ly ro. *Exit Bid. & returnes presently.*

Byd, *Quadratus*.

Lau, *Quadratus*, *mor dieu, ma vie*: I lay not at my lodging to
night, Ile not see him now on my soule, hee's in his old *Perpetu-*
ana sute, I am not within.

Byd, He is faire, gallant, rich, neate as a Bride-groome, fresh
as a new-minted six-pence, with him *Lampatho Doria*, *Symplici-*
us Faber. *Lau*.

WHAT YOU WIL.

Lau. And in good cloathes.

Byd. Accountred worthy a presence.

Lau. *Vdes so* : my gold wrought Wast-coate and Night-cap open my Trunck, lay my richest sute on the top, my Veluet slippers, cloth of gold gamashes, where are my cloth of siluer hose, lay them. ---

Bydet. At pawne sir.

Lau. No sir, I do not bid you lay them at pawne Sir.

Byd. No sir, you need not for they are there already.

Lau. *Mor du garzone* : set my richest Gloues, Garters, Hatts, iust in the way of their eyes, so let them in, obserue mee withall dutious respect, let them in.

*Enter Quadratus, Lampatho Doria, and
Simplicius Faber.*

Qua. *Phæbus, Phæbe, Sunne, Moone, and seauen Starres* make thee the dilling of Fortune, my sweet *Lauerdure*, my rich *French* bloud, ha yee deere rogue, hast any pudding *Tobacco* ?

Lam. God morrow *Senior*.

Sim. *Mounseieur Lauerdure*, do you see that Gentleman, hee goes but in black Sattin as you see, but by *Hellicon* hee hath a cloth of Tissue wit, hee breakes a iest, ha, heele raile against the Courttil the gallants-- O God he is very *Nectar*, if you but sip of his loue, you were immortall, I must needes make you knowne to him : Ile induce your loue with deere regarde. *Senior* *Lampatho* heer's is a *French* Gentleman *Mounseieur Lauerdure* a Traueller, a beloued of heauen, courts your acquaintance.

Lam. Sir I protest I not onely take distinct notice of your deere rarities of exterior presence, but also I protest I am most vehemently inamor'd, and very passionately doate on your inwatd adornements and habilities of spirit, I protest I shall be proud to doe you most obsequious vassalage.

Qua. Is not this rare now : now by *Gorgons* head, I gape and am struck stiffe in wonderment, At sight of these strange beasts. You *Chamblet* youth, *Symphlicius Faber* that *Hermophrodite*, *Party par pale*, that bastard Moungerell soule, Is nought but admiration and applause,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Of you *Lamparho Doria*, a fustie caske,
 Deuote to mouldy customes of hoard eld,
 Doth he but speake, O *tones* of heauen it selfe,
 Doth he once write, O *Iesu* admirable
 Cryes out *Symphonicus*: then *Lamparho* spittes,
 And sayes faith 'tis good. But O to marke yon thing
 Sweate to vnite acquaintance to his friend,
 Labour his praises and indeere his worth
 With titles all as formally trickt forth,
 As the Cap of a *Dedicatorie Epistle*,
 Then sit to view *Lamparho*, he protests,
 Protests and vowes, such suddaine heate of loue,
 That O twere warmth inough of mirth to drie,
 The flintlesse teares of old *Heraclitus*
 Make *Nyebe* to laugh.

Lam. I protest I shall bee proud to giue you prooffe, I hold a
 most religious affiance with your loue.

Lam. Nay gentle Senior:

Lam. Let mee not liue els, I protest I will straine my vtmost
 sineus, in strengthning your pretious estimate, I protest, I will do
 all rights in all good offices that friendship can touch, or am-
 plest vertue deserue.

Qua. I protest beleeue him not, Ile beg thee *Lauerdure*
 For a conceal'd Ideot if thou credit him,
 Hee's a *Hyena*, and with *Ciuill* scent
 Of perfum'd words, drawes to make a prey
 For laughter of thy credit. O this hote crackling loue
 That blaseth on an instant, flames me out
 On the least puffe of kindnesse, with protest, protest,
Catzo I dread these hote protests, that presse
 Come on so fast, no, no, away, away,
 You are a common friend or will betray.
 Let me clip amity, that's got with sute,
 I hate this whorish loue that's prostitute.

Lam. Horne on my Tailor, could he not bring home,
 My Sattin Taffera, or Tissue sute:
 But I must needs bee cloath'd in Wollen thus.
Bydett, what sayes he for my Siluer hose?

And

WHAT YOU WILL.

And Prim-rose Sattin Doublet, Gods my life,
Giues he no more obseruance to my body.

Lam. O in that last sute gentle *Lauerdure*,
Visite my lodging : by *Appollos* front
Do but inquire my name ; O straight theile say
Lampatho sutes him-selſe in ſuch a hoſe.

Sim. Marke that *Quadratus*.

Lam. Conſorts him-ſelſe with ſuch a doublet.

Sim. Good, good, good, O Ieſu admirable.

Lau. La la ly ro Sir.

Lam. O *Pallas* ! *Quadratus*, harke, harke, a moſt compleat
phantaſma, a moſt ridiculous humor, pree-thee ſhoot e him
through and through with a ieſt, make him lye by the lee, thou
Baſiliſco of witte.

Sim. O Ieſu, admirably well ſpoken, *Angelicall* tongue.

Qua. *Gnatbonicall* Coxcombe,

Lam. Nay pre-thee, ſut feare not he's no edge toole, you may
ieſt with him.

Sim. No edge-toole, oh !

Qua. Tones of heauen it ſelſe.

Sim. Tones of heauen it ſelſe.

Qua. By bleſſedneſſe I thought ſo.

Lam. Nay when, when ?

Qua. Why thou *Pole-head*, thou *Ianus*, thou *poultron*, thou
proteſt, thou Eare-wig that wriggleſt into mens braines : thou
durty cur that be-mierſt with thy fawning, thou--

Lam. Obſcure me, or---

Qua. *Synior Lauerdure*, by the hart of an honeſt man, this *Ie-*
buſite, this confuſion to him, this worſe then I dare to name, abu-
ſeth thee moſt incomprehenſibly ; is this your proteſt of moſt
obſequious vaſſalage, proteſt to ſtraine your vtmoſt ſumme,
your moſt ---

Lam. So *Phœbus* warme my braine, Ile rime thee dead,
Looke for the Satyre, if all the ſower iuice
Of a tart braine, can ſowſe thy eſtimate,
Ile pickle thee.

Qua. Ha he mount *Chirall* on the wings of fame.
A horſe, a horſe, my kingdom for a horſe,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Looke the I speake play scrappes, *Bydes* Ile downe
Sing, sing, or stay weele quasse or any thing
Rino, *Saint Marke*, lets talke as losse as ayre
Vn-wind youthes coullors, display our selues
So that yon enuy-starued Curre may yealpe
And spend his chappes at our Phantasticknesse.

Sym. O Lord *Quadratus*.

Qua. Away Idolater, why you *Don Kynsayder*
Thou *Canker* eaten rusty curre, thou snaffle
To freer spirits.
Think'st thou a libetine, am vngiu'd breast
Skornes not the shackleffe of thy enuious clogges
You will traduce vs vnto publicke f korne.

Lam. By this hand I will.

Qua. *A fuotra* for thy hand, thy heart, thy braine,
Thy hate, thy malice, Enuie, grinning spight
Shall a free-borne that holdes *Antypathy*.

Lam. *Antypathy*.

Qua. I *Antypathy*.

A natue hate vnto the curse of man, bare-pated seruitude,
Quake at the frownes of a ragg'd *Satyrist*
A skrubbing railer whose course harden'd fortune
Grating his hide, gauling his starued ribs
Sittes houling at *Deserts* more battle fate
Who out of dungeon of his black *Dispairs*
Skoules at the fortune of the fairer *Merit*.

Lau. Tut *Via* let all runne glib and square.

Qua. Vds fute hee cogges and cheates your simpler
thoughtes,

My spleen's a fire in the heate of hate
I beare these gnats that humme aboute our eares,
And stinge blister our credit's in obscured shades.

Lau. Pewte bougra la, la, la, titt shangh

Shall I forbear to caper, sing, or vault
To weare fresh cloathes or weare perfum'd sweetes
To trick my face, or glory in my fate,
T'a bandon naturall propensitudes
My fancies humor, for a stiffe ioynted,

Tattr'd nasty taber fac'd, *pub, la, la, ly ro*

Qua. Now by thy Ladies cheeke I honor thee
My rich free-bloud, O my deere libertine
I could suck the iuice, the sirrop of thy lippe,
For thy most generous thought. *My Elysium.*

Lam. O Sir you are so square you skorne repoofe.

Qua. No sir should discreete *Mastigophoros*
Or the deere spirit acute *Canaidus*
(That *Aretine*; that most of me belou'd
Who in the rich esteeme I prize his soule
I terme my selfe) should these once menace me
Or curbe, my humors with well gouern'd check
I should with most industrious regard,
Obserue abstaine, and curbe my skipping lightnesse
But when an arrogant od impudent,
A blushles fore-head only out of scence.
Of his owne wants, baules in malignant questing
At others meanes of wauing gallantry
Pipht foutra.

Lam. I raile at none you well squar'd *Syneor.*

Qua. I can not tell, tis now growne fashion,
Whats out of railyng's out of fashion:
A man can skarce put on a tuckt vp cap
A button'd frizado sute, f skarce eate good meate,
Anchones, caniare, but hee's *Satyred*
And term'd *Phantasticall*: by the muddy spawne
Of slymie Neughtes, when troth, *Phantasticknesse*,
That which the naturall *Sophysters* tearme,
Phantusia incomplexa, is a function
Euen of the bright immortal part of man.
It is the common passe, the sacred dore,
Vnto the priue chamber of the soule
That bar'd nought passeth past the baser Court:
Of outward scence by it th' inamorate,
Most liuely thinkes he sees the absent beauties
Of his lou'd mistres.

By it we shape a new creation,
Of things as yet vnborne, by it wee feede:

WHAT YOU WILL.

Our rauenous incemory, our intention feast
Slid he thats not Phantastical's a beast.

Lam. Most Phantasticall protection of Phantasticknesse.

Lau. Faith tis good.

Qua. So 't be phantastical tis wits life bloud.

Lau. Come Sinior my legges are girt.

Qua. Phantastically.

Lau. After a spetiall humor a new cut.

Qua. Why then tis, rare, tis excellent, vds fut

And I were to be hangd I would bee chokt

Phantastically, he can I karce be sau'd

Thats not phantasticall, I stand ferme to it.

La. Nay then sweete sir giue reason, come on, when.

Qua. Tis held to runne in common base of men.

Lau. Hast not runne thy selfe out of breath bulley.

Qua. And I haue not iaded thy eares more then I haue tierd
my tongue, I could runne discourse, put him out of his
full pace.

I could poer speech till thou crid'st ho, but troth,

I dread a glut, and I confesse much loue

To freer gentry whose pert agill spirits

Is t'o much frost-bit numb'd with il straind snibbes

Hath tender-reach'd my speech. By *Brutus* bloud

He is a turfe that will be slaue to man.

But he's a beast that dreads his mistresse fanne.

Lau. Come all merth and solace, capers, healthes and whiffes

To morrow are my nuptialls celebrate:

All friends all friends.

Lam. I protest —————

Qua. Nay leaue protestes, pluck out your snarling phanges.
When thou hast meanes be Phantasticall and sociable; goe to,
heres my hand and you want fortie shillings I am your *Maccenas*
though not *Atanis Edite regibus*.

Lam. Why content and I protest —————

Qua. Ile no protest.

Lam. Well and I doe not leaue these fopperies doe not lend
me fortie shillings, & ther's my hand, I imbrace you, loue you,
nay adore thee, for by the iuice of worm-woode, thou hast a
bitter

bitter braine.

Qu. You *Simplicius*? wouldest leaue that staring fellow *Admiratiō*, and *Adoration* of thy acquaintance wilt. A skorne out tis odious, too eager a defence argues a strong opposition, & to vehement a praise, drawes a suspition of others worthy disparagement.

Set tapers to bright day, it ill befittes

Good wines can vent themselves, and not good wittes.

Sym. Good truth I loue you, and with the grace of Heauen, Ile be very ciuill and ———

Qua. Phantasticall.

Sym. Ile be some thing, I haue a conceald humore in me and twere broachd twould spurt yfaith.

Qu. Come then Saint *Marke* lett's be as light as aire
As fresh and iocund as the brest of May:

I pree thee good *French* knight good plump cheekt chub.
Runne some *French* passage, come lets see thy vaine,
Daunces, *sceanes*, and songs, royall intertaine.

Lau. *Petite lacque*, page, page, *Bydēt* sing
Giue it the *French* ierk, quick spart, lightly, ha,
Ha hers a turne vnto my *Lucea*.

Qua. Stand stiffe ho stand, take footing firme stand sure
For if thou fall before thy mistres
Thy man-hod's dam'd; stand firme——ho good, so, so.

The Daunce and Song.

Lau. Come now via aloune to *Celia*.

Qua. Stay take an old rime first though dry and leane
Twill serue to close the stomake of the *Sceane*.

Lau. This is thy humor to berime vs still,
Neuer so slightly pleas'd but out they flie.

Qua. They are mine owne, no gleaned Poetry,
My fashions knowne, out rime takt as you list:
A *sico*, for the sower browd *Zoilist*.

Musick, *Tobacco*, *Sack* and *Sleepe*,
The tide of *Sorrow* backward keepe.

WHAT YOU WIL.

If thou art sad at others fate,
 Riue drinke deepe giue care the mate,
 On vs the end of time is come,
 Fond feare of that we cannot shunn,
 Whilst quickest sence doth freshly last,
 Clip time aboute, hug pleasure fast.
 The Sisters rauell out our twine,
 He that knows littl's most deuine.
 Error deludes; whole bcate this hence,
 Naughtes knowne but by exterior sence,
 Let glory blason others deede,
 My blond then breath craues better meede,
 Let twattling fame cheate others rest,
 I am no dish for Rumors feast.
 Let honor others hope abuse,
 Ile nothing haue so nought will loose:
 Ile strine to be nor great nor smale,
 To liue nor die, fate helmeth all,
 When I can breath no longer, then,
 Heauen take all, there put Amen.

How ist, how ist?

Lau. Faith so, so, *telamant*, *quelamant*, as't please *Oppinion* to currant it.

Qua. Why then via letts walke,

Lau. I must giue notice to an od pedant as wee passe of my nuptials, I vse him for he is abs cure and shal marry vs in priuate, I haue many enemies but secrefie is the best euasion from enuie.

Qua Holds it to morrow?

Lau. I firme absolute,

Lam. Ile say amen if the Priest be mute.

Qua. *Epythalamiums* will I singe my chucked,
 Go on, spend freely, out on drosse tis muck.

Exeunt

Enter.

Enter a Schole-maister, draws the curtains behind with,
Battus Nows, Slip, Nathaniell and Holifernes
Pippo, schole-boyes, sitting with
bookes in their hands.

All, Salve Magister.

Ped. Saluete pueri estote salui, vos saluere exopto vobis salutem,
Batte my fili, fili mi Batte.

Bat. Quid vis.

Ped. Stand forth repeat your lesson with out booke.

Bat. A nowne is the name of a thing that may be seene felt
heard or vnderstood.

Ped. God boy, on on,

Bat. Of nownes some bee substantiues and some bee sub-
stantiues.

Ped. Adiectiues.

Bat. Adiectiues, a nowne substantiue ether is proper to the
thing that it betokneth.

Ped. Well to numbers.

Battus. In Nownes bee two numbers, the Singuler and
the Plurall, the Singuler number speaketh of one as Lapis a
Stone, the Plurall speaketh of more then one, as Lapides
stones.

Ped. Good childe, now thou art pult Lapides Stones, pro-
ceed to the cases Nows, say you next Nows, wher's your lesson
Nows.

Nows, I am in a verbe forfooth.

Ped. Say on for footh say say.

Nows. A verbe is a part of speach declined with mood and
tence and betokneth doing as Amo I loue,

Ped. Haw many kied of verbes ar there?

Nows. 2. Personall and impersonall,

Ped. Of verbs personalls, how many kinds.

Non. Fiue Actiue Passiue Neuter Deponent and Common.

A Veber Actiue endeth in O and beetokneth to doe as
Amo I loue and by putting to R it may bee a passiue as Amor I
am loued.

Ped.

WHAT TOV WILL.

Ped. Very good child, now learne to know the *Deponent* and *common* : Say you *slip*.

Slip. *Cedant arma,toga,concedant lauria lingua.*

Ped. What part of speech is *lingua*,*inflecte,inflecte.*

Slip. *Singulariter,nominatiuo Hec lingua.*

Ped. Why is *lingua* the Feminine gender?

Slip. Forsooth because it is the Feminine gender.

Ped. Ha thou *Asse*,thou *Dolt*,*Idem per idem*, marke it : *lingua* is declined with *Hec* the Feminine , because it is a household stufte perticularly belonging , and most commonly resident vnder the roofe of Womens mouthes . Come on you *Nathaniell* say you,say you next,not too fast,say tretably,say.

Nath. *Mascula dicuntur Monosilaba nomina quedam.*

Ped. Faster,faster.

Nath. *Vt, sal, sol, ren & splen : car,ser,vir,vas,vadis,as,mas, Bes,cres,pres & pes,glis,glirens habens genetiuo, Mos,flos,ros & tros,muns,dens,mons,pons.*

Ped. *Rup,tup,snap,slup, bor,hor,cor,mor : holla,holla,holla,you Holifernes Pippo*, put him downe , wipe your Nose : sic on your fleecue,where's your Muckender your Grand-mother gaue you? well say on,say on.

Hol. Pree Maister what words this?

Ped. *Asse,Asse.*

Hol. As in *presenti perfectum format in,in,in.*

Ped. In what Sir?

Hol. *Perfectum format in what Sir?*

Ped. In what Sir *in avi?*

Hol. In what Sir *in avi.*

Vt no,nas,nauī,vocito,vocitas,voci,voci,voci---

Ped. What's next?

Hol. *Voci*, What's next?

Ped. Why thou vngratious child, thou simple animall, thou barnacle.*Nous* snare him, take him vp, and you were my father you should vp.

Hol. Indeed I am not your Father, O Lord now for God sake ; let mee go out, my mother told a thing, I shall bewray all els. Harke you Maister, my Grand-mother intreates you to come to dinner to morrow morning.

Ped. I

WHAT YOU WILL.

Ped. I say vntruste take him vp, *Nous*, dispatch what not perfect in an *Asse* in presenty?

Hol. In truth Ile bee as perfect an *Asse* in presenty as any of this *Company*, with the grace of god law, this once, this once, and I do so any more —————

Ped. I say hold him vp.

Hol. Ha let me say my prayers first. You know not what you ha done now, all the furrup of my braine is runne into my buttocks & yee spill the iuice of my wit well, ha sweete, ha sweete, hunny barbarie sugar sweete Maister.

Ped. Sance trickes trifles, delaies, demurrers procrastinations or retarations mount him, mount him.

*Enter Quadratus Lampatho Lauerdure
and Simplicius.*

Qua. Be mercifull my gentle *Senior*.

Lau. Weele sue his pardon out.

Ped. He is repriued: and now *Appollo* blesse your braines. *Facundius* and *Elaborate elegance*, make your presence gracious in the eyes of your Mistres.

Lau. You must along with vs, lend priuate care.

Sim. What is your name.

Hol. *Holifernes Pippo*.

Sim. Who gaue you that name. Nay let mee alone for sponging of a scholler.

Hol. My godfathers and god-mothers in my baptism.

Sim. Truly gallants I am inamord on thee boy wilt thou serue me.

Hol. Yes and please my grand-mother when I come to years of discretion.

Ped. And you haue a propensitude to him, he shall be for you: I was solicited to graunt him leaue to play the Lady in comedies presented by Children, but I knew his voice was to finale and his stature to loe, sing, sing a treble *Holifernes*; sing.

The Song.

A very smale sweete voice Ile assure you.

Qua. Tis smally sweete indeede.

Sym. A very pretty Child, hold vp thy head, there, buy thee some plummets.

Qua. Nay they must play, you go a long with vs.

Ped. *Ludendi venia est petita & concessa.*

All. *Gratias.*

Sym. *Pippo's* my page, how like you him, ha has hee not a good face, ha.

Lau. Exceeding amiable; come away,

I long to see my loue my *Celia*.

Sym. Carry my rapier hold vp so, good childe, stay gallants vnph a sweete face.

Lam. I relish not this mirth, my spirit is vntwist,
My heart is raueld out in discontents,
I am deepe thoughtfull, and I shoote my soule
Through all creation of omnipotence.

Qua. What art melancholy *Lampe*. Ile feede thy humor
Ile giue thee reason straight to hang thy selfe
Mark't mark't : In heauens handiwork theirs naught
Beleeue it.

Lam. In heauens handiwork ther's naught
None more vile, accursed, reprobate to blisse
Then man, and mong men a scholler most,
Things onely fleshly sencitiue, an Oxe or Horse,
They liue and eate, and sleepe, and drinke, and die
And are not toucht with recollections
Of things ore-past or staggerd infant doubtēs?
Of things succeeding: but leaue the manly beastes,
And giue but pence a peece to haue a sight:
Of beastly man now.

Sym. What so *Lampas* ho, good truth I will not pay your Ordinary if you come not.

Lam. Dost thou heare that voice. Ile make a parrat now,
As good a man as hee in foureteene nights
I neuer heard him vent a fillable:
Of his owne creating since I knew the vse
Of eyes and eares? Well he's perfect blest,
Because a perfect beast. Ile gage my heart
He knowes no difference essentiall

Twixt my dog and him . The horeson sot is blest
Is rich in ignorance, makes faire vsance on't
And euery day augments his barbarisme
So loue me *Calimnes* I do enuy him forts.
I was a scholler: seauen vse-full springs
Did I desfloure in quotations
Of crossd oppinions bout the soule of man
The more I learnt the more I learnt to doubt
Knowledge and wit faithes foes, turne sayth about

Sim. Nay come good *Simior* , I stay all the gentlemen here, I
wood faine giue my prity page a pudding pie.

Lam. Honest *Epicure*.

Nay marke list delight, delight my spaniell slept, whilst I bausd
Tosd ore the dunces por'd on the old print (leaves.
Of titled wordes, and stil my spaniell slept.
Whilst I wasted lampoile, bated my flesa
Shrunk vp my veines, and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held conuerse with *Zabarell*

Aquinas Scotus, and the musty *same*
Of antick *Donate*, still my spaniell slept
Still on went I, first *an fit anima*

Then and it were mortall, O hold hold
At that they are at braine buffets fell by the eares,
A maine pell mell togihter, still my spaniell slept.
Then whether twere Corporeall, Local, fixt,
Extraduce, but whether't had free will
Or no, ho Philosophers

Stood banding factions all so strongly propt,
I staggerd, knew not which was firmer part.
But thought, quoted, reade, obseru'd and pried,
Stufft noting bookes, and still my spaniell slept.
At length he wakt and yawnd and by yon sky,
For aught I know he knew as much as I.

Sim. Dellicat good *Lampatho* come away. I assure you ile giue
but two pence more.

Lam. How, twas created, how the soule existes
One talkes of motes, the soule was made of motes,
An other fire, tother light, a third a spark of Star-like nature

WHAT YOU WIL.

Hippo water, *Anaximenes* ayre,
Aristoxenus Musicke; *Critias* I know not what,
 A company of odde phrenetici
 Did eate my youth, and when I crept abroad,
 Finding my numnesse in this nimble age,
 I fell a railing, but now soft and slow,
 I know, I know naught, but I naught do know,
 What shall I doe, what plot, what course persew?

Qua. Why turne a *Temporist*, row with the tide,
 Pursue the cut, the fashion of the age,
 Well heer's my Schollers course, first get a Schoole,
 And then a ten-pound Cure, keepe both, then buy,
 (Stay marry, I marry) then a farme or so,
 Serue God and Mammon, to the Diuill goe,
 Affect some sect, I 'tis the sect is it,
 So thou canst seeme 'tis held the pretious wit:
 And O if thou canst get some higher seate,
 Where thou maist sell your holy portion,
 (Which charitable prouidence ordained
 In sacred bountie for a blessed vse)
 Alien the gleabe, intaile it to thy loines,
 Intombe it in thy graue
 Past resurrection to his natie vse.
 Now if there be a hell, and such swine sau'd,
 Heauen take all, that's all my hopes haue crau'd.

Enter Pippo.

Pip. My *Simplicias* Maister.

Lam. Your Maister *Simplicius*.

Pip. Has come to you to sent.

Lam. Has sent to me to come.

Pip. Ha, ha, has bought me a fine dagger, and a Hatte and a
 Feather, I can say *As in presenti* now.

Company of Boyes within.

Quadratus Quadratus, away, away.

Lam. We come sweet gallants; and grumbling hate lye still
 And turne Phantastique: he that climbs a hill
 Must wheele about, the ladder to account
 Is slie dissemblance, he that meanes to mount,

Must

WHAT YOU WILL.

Must lye all leuell in the prospectiue
Of eager sighted greatnesse, thou wouldst thriue,
The *Venice* state is young, loose, and vnknit,
Can relish naught but lushious vanities
Goe fit his tooth, O glauering flatterie,
How potent art thou: front looke briske and sleeke,
That such base durt as you should dare to reeke,
In Princes nostrils. Well my sceane is long.

All within. Quadratus.

Qua. I come hotte blouds, those that their state would swell,
Must beare a counter-face: the diuell and hell
Confound them all, that's all my prayers exact,
So ends our chat, sound Musick for the Act. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 3. SCÆ. 1.

*Enter Francisco halfe drest, in his black doublet and round cap, the
the rest riche, Iacomo bearing his hatte and feather? Adrean his
doub'et and band, Randolfo his cloake and stasse: they cloath
Francisco; whilst Bydet creepes in and obserues them. Much of
of this done whilst the Acte is playing.*

Fran. For God-sake remember to take speciall markes of
me, or you will nere be able to know me.

Adri. Why man?

Fra. Why good faith I scarce know my selfe already me thinks
I should remember to forget my selfe, now I am so shining
braue. Indeed *Francisco* was alwayes a sweete youth, for I am
a Persumer, but thus braue? I am an alien to it, would you make
mee like the drownd *Albano*, must I bear't mainly vp, must
I bee hee.

Ran. What els man? O what else?

Iaco. I warrant you, giue him but faire riche cloathes,
Hee can bee tane, reputed any thing,
Apparail's growne a God and goes more neate,
Makes men of ragges, which straight he beares aloft,
Like patcht vp scar-Crowes to affright the rout
Of the Idolatrous vulgar, that worship Images,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Stand aw'd and bare-skalp't at the glosse of filkes,
Which like the glorious *Ajax* of *Lincolnes Inne*,
(*Sutur'd* with wonder by me when I lay,
Factor in London:) lappes vp naught but filth
And excrements, that beare the shape of men,
Whose in-side euery day would peck and teare,
But that vaine skar-crow cloathes intreates forbearc.

Fran, You would haue me take vpon me *Albano*,
A valiant gallant *Venetian Burgomasco*,
Well my beard, my feather, short sword and my oth
Shall doo't feare not. What I know a number
By the sole warrant of a Lapy-beard,
A raine beate plume, and a good chop filling oth,
With an odde *French* shrugge, and by the Lotd or so,
Ha leapt into sweete Captaine with such ease,
As you would-feart not, Ile gage my heart Ile do't,
How sits my Hat, ha, *Jack* doth my feather wagge.

Iaco. Me thinkes now in the common sence of fashion,
Thou shouldst grow proud, and like a fore-horse view,
None but before-hand gallants, as for sides
And those that ranke in equall file with thee,
Studdy a faint salute, giue a strange eye,
But as to those in rere-ward O be blind,
The world wants eyes, it cannot see behind.

Fran. Where is the strumpet, where's the hot vain'd *French*,
Liues not *Albano*, hath *Celia* so forgot,
Albanos loue, that she must forth-with wed,
A runne-about, a skipping *French-man*--

Iaco. Now you must grow in heate and stut.

Fran. An odde phantasma, a beggar, a Sir, a who who who
what you will, a straggling go go go gunds, f f f fut--

Adrian. Passing like him, passing like him, O 'twill strike all
dead.

Pan. I am rauished 'twill be peerles exquisite,
Let him go out instantly.

Iaco. O not till twy-light, meane time Ile prop vp
The tottering Rumor of *Albanos* skape.

And safe arriual, it begins to spread,

If this

WHAT YOU WILL.

If this plot liue *Frenchman* thy hopes are dead.
Bydet. And if it liue strike of this little head.

Exeunt.
Exit.

Enter Albano with Slip his Page.

Alb. Can it be? ist possible? ist within the bounds of faith?
O vilany.

Slip The clapper of Rumor strikes on both sides ringing out
the *French* knight is in firme possessiō of my Misters your wife.

Alba. Ist possible I should be dead so soone?
In her affectes, how long ist since our shipprack?

Slip. Faith I haue little arithmatique in me, yet I remember
the storme made mee cast vp perfectly the whole sum of all I
had receiu'd, three daies before I was liquord foundly my guts
were rinc'd for the heauens: I looke as pale euer since as if I had
tane the diet this spring.

Alba. But how long ist since our ship-wrack?

Slip. Mary since wee were hung by the heeles on the batch
of *Cycily* to make a iayle deliuey of the sea in our mawes tis
iust thre monthes: shall I speake like a Poet? *Thrice hath the*
horned mone.

Alba. Talke not of hornes. O *Celia* how oft
(When thou hast lay'd thy cheeke vppon my breast
And with laciuious petulancy sew'd.

For *Hymene* all dalliance marriage rightes)
O then how oft with passionate protestes
And zealous vowes hast thou oblig'd thy loue,
In dateles bands vnto *Albanos* breast?

Then did I but mention second Marriage
With what a bitter hate would she inuaigh
Gainst retaild wedlockes. O would she lisse
If you should die, (then would she slide a teare,
And with a wanton languishment in-twist
Her hands) O God and you should die. Marry?

Could I loue life; my deare *Albano* dead
Should any Prince possesse his widdowes bed?
And now see, see, I am but rumord drown'd.

Slip. Sheele make you Prince, your worship must be crown'd
O master you know the woman is the weaker creature,

She

WHAT YOU WILL.

She must haue a prop: the maide is the brittle mettell
Her head is quickly crackt: the wife is queasie stomack
She must be fed with nouelties; but then whats your widdowe,
Custom is a *second nature*, I say no more but think you the rest.

Alba. If loue be holy, if that mistery,
Of co-vnited hearts be sacrament?
If the vnbounded goodnesse haue infus'd,
A sacred ardor if a mutuall loue
Into our *Species*, of those amorous ioyes,
Those sweetes of life, those comfortes euen in death
Spring from a cause aboue our reasones reach?
If that cleere flame deduce his heate from heauen?

Tis like his cause's eternall alwaies one
As is th' instiller of deuine st loue
Vnchang'd by time immortall mauer death.

But O tis growne a figment: loue a iest:

A comick Poesie: the soule of man is rotten
Euen to the core no sound affection.

Our loue is hollow vaulted, stands on proppes,
Of circumstance, profit or ambitious hopes.

The other tissue Gowne or Chaine of pearle
Makes my coy minx to nussell twixt the brestes

Of her lull'd husband, tother Carkanet,

Deflowres that Ladies bed: one hundred more

Marries that loath'd blowze, one ten pound oddes

In promis'd ioynture makes the hard palm'd fire,

Inforce his daughters tender lippes to start

At the sharpe touch of some loath'd stubbed beard,

The first pure time the golden age is fled,

Heauen knowes I lie tis now the age of gold,

For it all marreth and euen virtues sold.

Slip. Master will you trust me and Ile.

Alba. Yes boy Ile trust thee, babes & fooles Ile trust

But seruants faith, wiues loue, or femalls lust,

A vsurer and the diuill sooner. Now were I dead,

Me thinks I see a huff-cap swaggering sir,

Pawning my plate, my iewells, morgage? Nay

Selling out right the purchase of my browes,

Whilst

WHAT YOU WILL.

Whilst my poore fatherlesse leane totterd sonne,
My gentries reliques, my houses onely prop,
Is saw'd a sunder, lyes forlorne, all bleake,
Vnto the griefes of sharpe *Necessities*,
Whilst his father in law, his father in Diuell, or d d d d Diuill,
f f f father,

Or who who who who; *What you will*,
When is the marriage morne?

Slip. Euen next rising sonne.

Alba. Good, good, good, go to my brother *Adrian*,
Tell him Ile lurck, stay, tell him Ile lurck, stay,
Now is *Albanos* marriage bed new hung
With fresh rich Curtaines, now are my valence vp,
Imboist with orient Pearle, my Granfires gift,
Now are the Lawne sheetes fum'd with Vyolets,
To fresh the pawld lasciuious appetite,
Now worke the Cookes, the pastry sweates with slaues,
The March-panes glitter, now now the musitions
Houer with nimble stickes ore squeaking crowds,
Ticling the dried guttes of a Mewing Catt,
The Taylors, Starchers, Semsters, Butchers, Pulterors, Mercers,
all, all, all, now now now, none thinke a mee, the f f f *French* is
te f f f fine man, de p p p pock man, de--

Slip. Peace, peace, stand conceald, yonder by all discriptions
is he would be husband of my Mistresse: your wife hah meate
hah.

Alba. Vds so, so, so, soule thats my veluet cloake.

Slip. O peace, obserue him, hah.

*Enter Lauerdure and Bidett talking, Quadratus,
Lampatho, Simplicius, Pedante, and
Holiternes Pippo.*

Bidet. 'Tis most true Sir, I heard all, I saw all, I tell all, and I
hope you belecue all, the sweete *Francisco Soranza*, the Perfumer
is by your riual *Iacomo*, and your two brothers that must
be, when you haue married your wife, that shall be.

Peda. With the grace of *Heauen*.

WHAT YOU WILL.

Bidett. Disguis'd so like the drownd *Albano* to crosse your sute, that by my little honesty 'twas great consolation to mee to obserue them, passion of ioy, of hope. O excellent cri'd *Andrea*, passingly cri'd *Randolfo*; vnparraleld lispes *Iacomo*, good, good, good, sayes *Andrea*, now stut sayes *Iacomo*, now stut sayes *Randolfo*, whilst the rauisht Perfumer had like to haue waterd the seames of his breeches for extreame pride of their applause.

Lau. Sest. Ile to *Celia*, and mauer the nose of her friends, wedde her: bedde her, my first sonne shall bee a Captaine, and his name shall bee what it please his God-fathers, the second if hee haue a face bad inough, a Lawyer, the third a Marchant, and the fourth if he bee maind, dull braind, or hard shapt, a scholler, for thats your fashion.

Qua. Get them, get them man first; now by the wantonnesse of the night, and I were a wench I would not ha- thee, wert thou an heire, nay (which is more) a foole.

Lau. Why I can rise high, a straight legge, a plumpe thigh, a full vaine, a round cheeke, and when it pleaseth the firtility of my chinne to be deliuered of a beard, 'twill not wrong my kissing, for my lippes are rebels, and stand out.

Qua. Ho but ther's an old fustie Prouerbe, these great talkers are neuer good dooers.

Lam. Why what a habell arrogance is this?
Men will put by the very stock of fate,
They le thwart the destiny of marriage,
Striue to disturbe the sway of prouidence,
Theile do it?

Qua. Come, youle be snarling now.

Lam. As if we had free-will in supernaturall Effects, and that our loue or hate Depended not on causes boue the reach Of humane stature.

Qui. I thinke I shall not lend you forty shillings now.

Lam. Durt vpon durt, feare is beneath my shoe,
Dreadlesse of racks, strappados, or the sword,
Mauer Informer and flie intelligence,
Ile stand as confident as *Heracles*,
And with a frightlesse resolution,

Rip vp and launce our times impieties.

Sim. Vds so peace.

Lam. Open a bounteous eare for Ile be free,
Ample as *Heaven* gaue my speech more roome,
Let me vnbrace my breasts, strip vp my sleeues,
Stand like an executioner to vice,
To strike his head off with the keener edge,
Of my sharpe spirit.

Lau. Roome and good licence, come on, when, when.

Lam. Now is my fury mounted, fix your eyes,
Intend your senses, bend your listning vp,
For Ile make greatnesse quake, Ile tawe the hide
Of thick-skind *Hugenes*.

Lau. Tis most gracious weele obserue thee calmly.

Qua. Hang on thy tounge end, come on pree-thee doe.

Lam. Ile see you hang'd si ft. I thanke you Sir, Ile none,
This is the straine that chokes the theaters:
That makes them crack with full stuff audience,
This is your humor onely in request
Forsooth to raile, this brings your eares to bed,
This people gape for, for this some doe stare
This some would heare, to crack the Authors neck,
This admiration and applause persues,
Who cannot raile, my humors chang'd 'tis cleare,
Pardon Ile none, I prise my ioynts more deare.

Bidet. Maister, Maister, I ha discrid the Perfumer in *Albanos*
disguise, looke you, looke you, rare sport, rare sport.

Alba. I can containe my impatience no longer, you *Moun-*
sieur Caucelere, Saint Dennis, you Caprichious Sir, *Senior Caran-*
to French braule, you that must marry *Celia Galanto*, is *albanos*
drown'd now? goe wander, auant Knight. errant *Celia* shall
bee no Cuck-queane, my heire no begger, my plate no
pawne, my land no morgage, my wealth no food for thy
luxuries, my house no harbour for thy Comrades. my bedde
no bootye for thy lustes, my any thing shall bee thy no-
thing, goe hence packe, packe, auant, caper, caper, aloun, aloun,
passe by, passe by, cloake your nose, away, vanish, wander de-
part, sink by away.

WHAT YOU WILL.

Lau. Harke you perfumer, tell *Iacomo Randulfo*, and *Adrean*, 'twill not do, looke you say no more, but 'twill not doe.

Alba. What perfumer? what *Iacomo*?

Qua. Nay assure thee honest Perfumer good *Francisco*, wee know all man, goe home to thy Ciuitt Boxe, looke to the profit, commodity or emolument of thy Mus-cats taile, go clap on your round Cap, my what do you lack sir, for yfaith good rogue alls discri'd.

Alba. What Perfumer? what Mus-cat? what *Francisco*, what do you lack, ist not inough that you kissd my wife?

Lau. Inough.

Alba. I inough, and may be, I feare me too much, but you must floute me, deride me, scoffe me, keepe out, touch not my porche, as for my wife---

Lau. Stirre to the dore: dare to disturbe the match,
And by the---

Alba. My sword: menace *Albano* fore his owne dore.

Lau. No not *Aibano* but *Francisco*, thus, Perfumer, Ile make you stinke if you stirre a; for the rest: well *via via.* Exeūt Cest.

Remanet Albano, Slip, Simp and Holif.

Alba. *Iesu, Iesu*, what intends this? ha?

Sim. O God Sir, you lye as open to my vnderstanding as a Curtizan, I know you as well---

Alba. Some body knowes me yet, praise heauen some body knowes me yet.

Sim. Why looke you Sir, I ha paide for my knowing of men and women too in my dayes, I know you are *Francisco Soranza* the Perfumer, I maugre *Senior Satten I.*

Alba. Do not tempt my patience, go to, doe not.

Sim. I know you dwell in Saint *Markes* laue, at the signe of the Mus-cat as well--

Alba. Foole, or madd, or drunke no more.

Sim. I know where you were drest, where you were---

Alba. Nay then take all, take all, take all--

He bastinadoes Simplicius.

Simp. And I tell not my father, if I make you not loose your office of gutter Maister-ship; and you bee Skauenger next
yeare

WHAT YOU WIL.

yeare well : Come *Holifernes* come good *Holifernes* , come
seruant. *Exit Sim. Holife.*

Enter Iacomo.

Alba. *Francisco Soranza* and perfumer and muscat , and gutter maister hay, hay, hay, go, go, go, gods f, f, f, fut; Ile to the Duke and Ile so ti, ti, ti, ticle them.

Iaco. Pretious, what meanes he to go out so soone,
Before the dusk of twilight might deceiue
The doubtfull priers. What holla.

Alba. Whop what diuill now?

Iaco. Ile faine I know him not, what businesse fore those
dores.

Alba. Whats that to thee.

Iaco. You come to wronge my friend Sir *Lauerdure*
Confesse or —————

Alba. My sword boy f, f, f, soule my sword.

Iaco. O my deere roague thou art a rare dissembler.

Alba. See see.

Enter Adrian and Randolfo.

Iaco. *Francisco* did I not helpe to cloth thee euen now
I would ha sworne thee *Albano* my good sweete slaue. *Exi. Ia.*

Alba. See, see, *Iesu, Iesu* , impostors , connicatchers, *Santa*
Maria?

Ran. Looke you, he walkes he faines most excellent.

Adri. Accost him first as if you were ignorant
Of the deceit.

Ran. O deere *Albano* now thrice happie eyes
To view the hope-lesse presence of my brother.

Alba. Most loued kinsman praise to *Heauen* yet,
You know *Albano*, but for yonder slaues—well.

Adri. Successe could not come on more gracious.

Alba. Had not you come (deare brother *Adrian*)
I thinke not one would know me. *Vlisses* dog
Had quicker scence then my dul Countrimen,
Why none had knowne me.

Rand. Doubt you of that? would I might die,
Had I not knowne the guile I would ha sworne

WHAT YOU WILL.

Thou hadst bin *Albano*, my nimble couzning knaue.

Alba. Whippe, whippe, *Heauen* preferue al Saint Marke Saint Marke.

Brother *Adrian*, be frantick prece-thee be

Say I am a Perfumer *Francisco*, hay hay

Ist not some feast day you are all ranke drunke

Ratts ra, ra, ra, rattes knights of the be, be, be, bell, be, be, bell.

Adri. Go go proceede thou dost it rare farewell.

Exeunt Adrian and Randolpho.

Alba. Farwel? ha? ist euen so? boy who am I?

Slip. My Lord *Albano*,

Alb. By this breast you lie

The *Samian* faith is true, true, I was drown'd

And now my soule is s kipt into a perfumer a gutter-master.

Slip. Beleeue me sir ———

Alba. No no Ile beleeue nothing, no,

The disaduantage of all honest hearts

Is quick credulity, perfect state pollecy

Can crosse-bite euen sence, the worlds turn'd Iuggler,

Castes mystes before our eyes *Haygh passe re passe*

Ile credit nothing.

Slip. Good Sir.

Alba. Hence asse.

Doth not *Opinion* stamp the currant passe,

Of each mans valew, vertue, quality?

Had I ingross'd the choice commodities

Of heauens trafike, yet reputed vile

I am a rascall; O deere vnbeleefe,

How wealthy dost thou make thy owners wit?

Thou traine of knowledge, what a priuiledge

Thou giu'st to thy possessor: anchorst him,

From floting with the tide of vulgar faith:

From being dam'd with multitudes deere vnbeleefe,

I am a Perfumer, I, thinkst thou my blood,

My brothers know not right *Albano* yet?

Away tis fait es, if *Albanos* name,

Were liable to sence, that I could tast or touch

Or see, or feele it, it might tice beleefe,

But

WHAT YOU WILL.

But since tis voice, and ayre, come to the Muscat boy,
Francisco, that's my name tis right, I, I,
What do you lack? what ist you lack right that's my cry. *Exeunt*

*Enter Slip and Noose Trip with the trunchion of a staffe
torch, and Doite with a Pantofle, Bidet, Holyfernes
following. The Cornets sound.*

Byd. Proclaime our titles

Doit. *Bosphoros Cormelydon Honorificacuminos* *Bydet.*

Holyf. I thinke your Maiesties a Welchman, you haue a horrible long name.

Bydet. Death or scilence proceed.

Doit. *Honorificacuminos* *Bidet* Emperor of Crackes, Prince of Pages, Marques of Mumchance, and sole regent ouer a bale of false dice, to all his vnder Ministers health, Crownes, Sack, Tobacco, and stockings vncrakt about the shooe.

Bydet. Our selfe will giue them their charge, Now let mee stroake my beard and I had it, & speake wisely if I knew how: most vnconsonable, honest little, or little honest good subiects, informe our person of your seuerall qualities and of the preiudice that is foisted vppon you that our selfe may peruew, preuent, and preoccupie the pustulent dangers incident to all your cases.

Doit. Here is a petition exhibited of the particuler greuances of each sort of pages.

Bydet. We will vouchsafe in this our publike session to peruse them, pleaseth your excellent wagship to bee informed that the deuision of pages is tripartite (tripartite) or three fold, of pages, some be Court pages, others Ordinary gallants pages, & the third apple squiers, basket-bearers or pages of the placket, with the last we will proceede first, stand forth page of the placket, what is your mistres?

Slip. A kinde of puritane.

Byd. How liue you?

Slip. Miserably cōplayning to your crack-ship though we haue eight Mistresses we are made the Children and seruants of darknes, what prophane vse we are put to, al these gallants more feelingly know then we can liuely expresse, it is to be comiserated and

WHAT YOU WILL.

and by your royall insight onely to bee preuented that a male Mounkey and the diminutiue of a man should bee *Synonima* & no science. Though wee are the drosse of your subiects, yet being a kinde of page, let vs finde your *Celsitude* kind and respectiue of our time-fortunes and birthes abuse, and so in the name of our whole tribe of emptie basket-bearers, I kisse your little hands.

Bidet. Your case is dangerous and almost desperat stand forth ordinary gallants page, what is the nature of your Master?

Noose. He eates well and right slouely, and when the dice fauor him goes in good cloathes, and scowers his pinke collour silk stockings: whē he hath any mony he beares his crownes, whē he hath none I carry his purse, he cheates well, sweares better, but swaggers in a wantons Chamber admirably, hee loues his boy and the rump of a cram'd Capon, and this summer hath a passing thrifty humor to bottle ale: as contemptuous as Lucifer, as arrogant as ignorāce can make him, as libidinous as Priapus, hee keepes mee as his adamant to draw mettell after to his lodging, I curle his perriwig, painte his cheekes, perfume his breath, I am his froterer or rubber in a Hot-house, the prop of his lies, the bearer of his fals dice, and yet for all this like the *Persian* Louse that eates byting, and byting eates, so I say sithing and sithing say my end is to paste vp a *Si quis*, my Masters fortunes are forc'd to cashere me and so fix to one I fall to be a Pippin squire. *Hic finis priami*, this is the end of pick pockets.)

Bydet. Stand forth Court-page, thou lokest pale and wan.

Trip. Most ridiculous Emperor.

Bydet. O say no more, I know thy miseryes, what betwixt thy Lady, her Gentlewoman and thy Masters late gaming thou maist looke pale. I know thy miseries and I condole thy calamities, thou art borne well, bred ill, but diest worst of al, thy bloud most commonly gentle, thy youth ordinarily idle, and thy age to often miserable. When thy first sute is fresh, thy cheekes cleere of Court soiles, and thy Lord salne out with his Lady, so longe may be heele chuck thee vnder the chin, call thee good pretty ape and giue thee a scrap from his owne trencher, but after he neuer beholds thee, but when thou squierst him with a torch to a wantons sheetes, or lightes his Tobacco pipe, Neuer
vseth

vsseth thee but as his pander neuer, regardeth thee but as an idle bur that stickst vpon the nap of his fortune, and so naked thou camst into the world and naked thou must returne; whom serue you.

Holy. A foole.

Bydet. Thou art my happiest subiect, the seruice of a foole is the onely blessedst flauery that euer put on a chaine and a blew cote, they know not what nor for what they giue, but so they giue tis good, so it be good they giue: fortunes are ordain'd for fooles, as fooles are for fortune, to play with all not to vse, hath hee taken an oth of alleagiance is hee of our brotherhood yet?

Holy. Not yet right *venerable Honorificac cac cac cacuminos*
Bidet. but as little an infant as I am I will, and with the grace of wit I will deserue it.

Bydet. You must performe a valorous *Vertuous*, and religious exploit first in desert of your order.

Holyf. What ist?

Byd. Couzen thy master, hee is a foole, and was created for men of wit such as thy selfe to make vse of.

Holy. Such as my selfe. Nay faith for wit I think for my age or so, but on, sir.

Bidet. That thou maist the easier purge him of superfluous bloud I will discribe thy Maisters constitution, he loues and is beloued of himselfe and one more; his dog. There is a company of vnbrac'd vntruss'd, rutters in the towne, that crinkle in the hammes swearing their flesh is their onely lyuing, and when they haue any crownes, cry god a marcy *Mol*, and shrugging let the Cockholds pay fort: intimating that their maintenance flowes from the wantonnesse of Merchants wiues, when introth the plaine troth is, the plaine and the stand, or the plaine stand and deliuer, deliuers them all their lyuing. These comrades haue perswaded thy Maister that ther's no way to redeeme his peach collour fatten sute from pawne but by the loue of a Cytizens wife, hee beleeueth it, they flout him he feedes them, and now tis our honest and religious meditation that hee see de vs.

WHAT YOU WIL.

Holyernes Puppi.

Holy. Pippo and shall please you.

Bydet. Pippo tis our will and pleasure thou sute thy selfe like a Marchants wife, leaue the managing of the sequence vnto our prudence.

Holy. Or vnto our *Prudence* truly shee is a very witty wench and hath a stammell petticoate with three gards for the nonce; but for your Marchants wife alas I am to little, speake to small, go to gingerly, by my troth I feare I shall looke to faire.

Bydet. Our maiesty dismounteth, and wee put of our greatnesse, and now my little knaues I am plaine *Crack*, as I am *Bosphoros Carmelidon Honorificacumino*. *Bydet* I am imperious: honor spackles in mine eyes; but as I am *Crack* I wil conuay crosbite and cheat vpon *Simplicius*, I will feed, satiat and fill your panches: replenish, stuff or furnish your purses, wee will laugh when others weepe, sing when others sigh, feede when others starue, and be drunke when others are sober, this my charge at the loose, as you loue our brother-hood, auoide true speech square dice, small liquor, and aboue all, those to vngentlemanlike protestations of indeede and verely, and so gentle *Appollo* touch thy nimble string our sceane is donne yet fore wee cease wee sing.

The Song and Exeunt.

ACT. 4. SCE 1.

Enter Celia Meletza Lyzabetta and Lucca.

Celia. Faith sister I long to play with a sether,
Pree-thee *Lucia* bring the shuttle-cock.

Melet. Out on him light pated Phantasticke, he's like one of our gallants at.

Lyza. I wonder who thou speak'st well of?

Mel. Why of my selfe, for by my troth I know none el's wil.

Celia. Sweet sister *Meletza* lets sit in iudgment a little, faith of my seruant *Mounfier Lauerdure*.

Mel. Troth well for a seruant, but for a husband (sigh) I.

Lyza. Why why?

Melet.

Melet. Why he is not a plaine foole, nor faire, nor fat, nor rich, rich foole. But he is a knight, his honour will giue the paffado in the preſence to morrow night, I hope he wil deferue: Al I can ſay is as, as the common fiddlers will ſay in their God ſend you well to do.

Ly. How thinkſt thou of the amorous *Iacomo*.

Melet. *Iacomo* why on my bare troth.

Celia. Why bare troth.

Melet. Becauſe my troth is like his chinnet tath no haire on't; gods me his face lookes like the head of a taber, but truſt me he hath a good wit.

Ly. Who told you ſo.

Mel. One that knowes, one that can tell?

Celia. Whoſe that.

Melet. Him ſelfe.

Lyz. Well wench, thou haſt a ſeruant one *Fabius* what haſt thou done with him.

Melet. I donne with him? out of him puppy, by this fether his beard is derechtly brick colour, and perfectly faſhion'd like the huſk of a cheeſnut, hee kiſſes with the drieſt lips; ſigh on him.

Celia. O but your ſeruant *Quadratus* the abſolute Courtier.

Melet. Fie, ſhe ſpeake no more of him, he liues by begging? He is a fine Courtier flatters admirable, kiſſes Faire Madam, ſinells ſurpaſſing ſweete, weares And holds vp the arras, ſupportes the tapiftry, When I paſſe into the preſence very gracefully and I aſſure you.

Lucea. Madam here is your ſhuttle-cock

Melet. Siſter is not your waiglatiſg wench rich?

Celia. Why ſiſter why?

Melet. Becauſe ſhe can flatter: pree-thee call her not, She has 24. houres to Maddam yet; come you Yon prate yfaith Ile toſſe you from poſt to piller.

Celia. You poſt and I piller.

Melet. No, no, you are the onely poſt, you muſt ſupport

WHAT YOU WIL.

proue a wench and beare, or elce all the building of your delight will fall —————

Celia Downe.

Lyza. What must I stand out?

Melet. I by my faith til you be married.

Ly. Why do you tossle then?

Melet. Why I am wed wench.

Celia Pree thee to whome.

Melet. To the true husband right head of a woman, my wil, which vowes neuer to marry till I meane to be a foole, a slaue, starch cambrick ruffes, and make candells (pur) tis downe serue againe good wench.

Luc. By your pleasing cheeke you play well. /

Melet. Nay good creature pre thee doe not flatter mee, I thought twas for somthing you goe casd in your veluit skabberd, I warrant these laces were nere stich'd on with true stich, I haue a plaine waighting wench shee speakes plaine, and faith, she goes plaine, she is vertuous and because she should go like virtue by the consent of my bounty shee shall neuer haue a bouetwo smockes to her back, for thats the fortune of desert, & the maine in fashion or reward of merit (pur) iust thus do I vse my seruants, I striue to catch them in my racket, and no sooner caught but I tossle them away, if he flie wel and haue good featthers I play with them till he be downe, and then my maide serues him to me againe, if a slug and weake wing'd if hee bee downe there let him lie.

Celia. Good *Mell* I wonder how many seruants thou hast.

Melet. Troth so do I, let me see *Dupatzo*.

Lyza. *Dupatzo* which *Dupatzo*.

Melet. *Dupatzo* the elder brother the foole, he that bought the half penny riband weating it in his eare swearing twas the duches of *Millans* fauor, hee into whose head a man may trauell 10. leagues before hee can meere with his eyes, then ther's my chub my *Epicure Quadratus*, that rubbes his guttes, clappes his paunch & cries *Rino*, intertayning my eares perpetually with a most strong discourse of the praise of bottle ale & red

WHAT YOU WILL

red Herrings, then ther's *Simplicius Faber*.

Ly. Why he is a foole.

Melet. True or els he would nere be my seruant, then ther's the cap cloakt Courtier *Baltazar* hee weares a double treble quadruple ruffe, I in the sommer time, saith I ha seruants inow and I doubt not but by my ordinary pride and extraordinary cunning to get more. *Mounsier Lanerdure* with a troupe of galants is entring.

Lyza. He capers the lasciuious bloud about
Within heart pantes, nor leapes the eye nor lippes:
Prepare your selues to kisse for you must be kistd.

Mel. By my troth tis a pretty thing to be towards marriage,
a pretty louing: looke where he comes ha ha.

Lauer. Good day sweete loue.

Mel. Wish her good night man.

Lau. God morrow sister.

Mel. A cursie to you caper, to morrow morne Ile call you brother.

Lauer. But much much falls betwixt the cup and lip.

Mel. Be not to confident the knot may slip.

Qua. Bounty, blessednes, and the spirit of wine attend my Mistres.

Mel. Thankes good chub.

Sim. God yce god morrow heartely mistres, and how do you since last I saw you.

Qua. Gods mee you must not inquire how shee does, thats priuy counsell, sie, ther's manners indeed.

Si. Pray you pardon my inciulity, I was som-what bould with you, but belecue me Ie neuer be so sawcy to aske you how you do againe, as long as I liue la.

Mel. Square chub, what sullene black is that.

Qua. A tassell that hangs at my purse strings, hee dogs mee and I giue him scraps and pay for his ordinary, feede him, hee liquors himselfe in the iuice of my bounty, and when hee hath suckt vp strength of spirit he squeaseth it in my owne face, when I haue refind and sharp'd his wits with good food, hee cuts my

WHAT YOU WIL.

fingers, and breakes iests vpon me, I beare them, and beate him: but by this light the dull eyed thinks he dos wel, dos very well, and but that hee and I are of two faithes--I fill my belly, and feeds his braine, I could find in my heart to hug him, to hug him.

Melet. Pree-thee perswade him to assume spirit and salute vs.

Quad. *Lampatho, Lampatho*, art out of countenance, for witts fake salute these beauties, how doost like them?

Lam. Vds fut, I can liken them to nothing, but great mens great horse vpon great dayes, whose tailes are trust vp in filke and siluer.

Quad. To them man, salute them.

Lam. Blesse you faire Ladies, God make you all his seruants.

Melet. God make you all his seruants.

Qua. Hee is holpen well had need of you, for bee it spoken without prophanisme hee hath more in this traine, I feare mee you ha more seruants then he, I am sure the Diuill is an Angell of darkeness.

Lamp. I but those are Angels of light.

Qua. Light Angels, pree-thee leaue them, with-draw a little, and heare a Sonnet pree-thee, heare a Sonnet.

Lamp. Made of *Albanos* widdow that was, and *Mounseieur Lanerdures* wife that must be.

Qua. Come leaue his lips and command some liquor, if you haue no Bottle-Ale, command some Claret-wine and Bourrage, for that's my predominate humor sleeke billid *Bacchus*, lets fill thy guttes.

Lamp. Nay heare it, and rellish it iuditiously.

Qua. I do rellish it most iuditally.

Quad. drinks.

Lamp. Adored excellence, delicious sweet.

Qua. Delicious sweete good, very good.

Lamp. If thou canst taste the purer iuice of loue.

Qua. If thou canst taste the purer iuice, good still, good still.

Qua. I doe rellish it, it tastes sweete.

Lamp. Is not the metaphor good, ist not well followed?

Qua. Passing good, very pleasing.

Lamp. Ist not sweete.

Qua. Let me see't Ile make it sweete,
Ile soake it in the iuice of *Helicon*.

WHAT YOU WIL.

Bir Lady, passing sweete, good, passing sweete.

Lamp. You wrong my Muse.

Qua. The Irish flux vpon thy Muse, thy whorish Muse,
Heere is no place for her loose brothelry,
We will not deale with her, goe, away, away,

Lamp. Ile be reueng'd.

Qua. How pree-thee in a play? come, come, be sofiabie
In priuate seuerance from societie,
Here leapes a vaine of bloud inflam'd with loue,
Mounting to pleasure, all adict to mirth,
Thoult read a *Satyre* or a *Sonnet* now,
Clagging their ayery humor with----

Lam. Lamp-oyle, watch Candles, Rug-gownes & small iuice,
Thin commons, foure a clock rising, I renounce you all,
Now may I ternally abandon meat
Rust fustie you which most imbrac'd disuse,
You a made me an Assie, thus shapt my lot,
I am a meere Scholler, that is a meere sot.

Qua. Come then Lampe, ile powre fresh Oyle into thee,
Apply thy spirit that it may nimbly turne,
Vnto the habit, fashion of the age,
Ile make thee man the Scholler, inable thy behauiour,
Apt for the intertaine of any presence:
Ile turne thee gallant, first thou shalt haue a Mistresse,
How is thy spirit rais'd to yonder beauty?
She with the sanguine cheeke, the dimpled chinne,
The pretty amorous smile that clips her lips,
And dallyes bought her cheeke---
Shee with the speaking eye,
That castes out beames as ardent as those flakes,
Which sing'd the world by rash braind *Phaeton*,
She with the lip, O lips! she for whose sake,
A man could finde in his heart to in-hell himselfe,
There's more Philosophy, more theoremes,
More demonstrations, all inuincible,
More cleare diuinity, dra wne on her cheeke,

Then

Then in all volumes tedious paraphase,
Of musty eld, O who would staggering doubt,
The soules eternity, seeing it hath
Of heavenly beauty, but to case it vp,
Who would distrust a supream existence,
Able to confound when it can creale,
Such heaven on earth able to intrance,
Amaze: O 'tis prouidence, not chance.

Lam. Now by the front of *Ioue* me thinks her eye
Shootes more spirit in me, O *beautie feminine!*
How powerfull art thou, what deepe magick lyes
Within the circle of thy speaking eyes.

Qua. Why now could I eate thee, thou doost please mine ap-
petite, I can disist thee, God made thee a good foole, and happy
and ignorant, and amarus, and riche and fraile, and a Satyrift,
and an *Essayest*, and sleepey, and proud, and indeed a foole, and
then thou shalt bee sure of all these. Doe but scorne her shee is
thine owne, accost her carelesly, and her eye promifeth shee will
be bound to the good abbeating.

Celia. Now sister *Meletza* doost mark their craft, some strag-
gling thoughts transport thy attentiueneffe from his discourse,
waist *Iacomos* or our brothers plot?

Lauer. Both, both, sweete Lady, my Page heard all, we mette
the roague, so like *Albano*, I beat the roague.

Sim. I but when you were gone the roague beat me.

Lau. Now take my counsell, listen.

Melet. A pretty youth, a pretty well shapt youth, a good leg,
a very good eye, a sweete ingenious face, and I warrant a good
witte, nay which is more, if hee bee poore I assure my soule hee
is chaste and honest, good faith I fancy, I fancie him, I and I may
chance, well Ile thinke the rest.

Qua. I say bee carelesse still, court her without complement
take spirit.

Lauer. Wert not a pleasing icast for me to cloath
Another rascall like *Albano*, say
And rumor him return'd without all deccit,

Would

Would not beget errors most ridiculous.

Qua. Meletza bella belletza, Madonna, bella bella genteletza
pree-thee kisse this initiated gallant.

Melet. How would it please you I should respect yee.

Lamp. As any thing, *what you will* as nothing.

Melet. As nothing, how will you vallow my loue.

Lamp. Why iust as you respect me, as nothing, for out of nothing, nothing is bred, so nothing shall not beget any-thing, any-thing bring nothing, nothing bring any-thing, any-thing & nothing shal be *what you will*, my speach mounting to the valieu of my telfe which is.

Melet. What swecte —————

Lamp. Your nothing light as your selfe scencelesse as your sex, and iust as you would ha me, nothing.

Melet. Your wit skips a morisco, but by the brightest spangle of my tier, I vouchafe you intire vnaffected fauor, were this gentle spirit be not preud.

Beleue it youth slow speech, swift loue doth often shrowd.

Lamp. My soul's intranc'd your fauor doth transport,
My scence past scence, by your adored graces,
I doat, am rapt.

Melet. Nay if you fall to passion and past scence,
My breasts no harbor for your loue, go packe, hence.

Qua. Vds fut thou gull, thou inkie scholler, ha, thou whore-
son fop,

Wilt not thou clappe into our fashio'd gallantry,
Couldst not be proud and skornfull, lose and vaine
Gods my hearts obiekt, what a plague is this:
My soul's intraunc'd, fut couldst not clip and kisse,
My soul's intraunc'd, ten thousand crownes at least
Lost lost, my soul's intraunc'd, loues life O beatt!

Alba. *Celia* open, open *Celia*, I would enter, open *Celia*.

Fran. *Celia*, open, open *Celia*, I would enter open *Celia*.

Alba. What *Celia* let in thy hus band *Albano* what *Celia*.

Fran. What *Celia* let in thy hus band *Allano* what *Celia*.

Alba. Vds f, f, fut let *Albano* enter.

WHAT TOV WIL.

Fran. Vds f,f,f, sut let *Albano* enter.

Celia. Sweete breast you ha playd the wag yfaith.

Qua. Beleue it sweete not I.

Melet. Come you haue attired some fiddler like *Albano* to fright the perfumer, ther's the iest.

Ran. Good fortunes to our sister.

Melet. And a speedy marriage.

Adri. Then we must wish her no good fortunes.

Iaco. For shame, for shame straight cleere your house; sweepe out this dust, fling out this trash, retorne to modesty your husband I say your husband *Albano* that was supposd drown'd is return'd I and at the dore.

Celia. Ha ha, my husband, ha ha.

Adri. Laugh you, shameles? laugh you?

Celia. Come, come, your plots discouerd, good faith kinsmen I am no skold: to shape a Perfumer like my husband, O sweete iest.

Iaco. Last hopes all knowne.

Celi. For pennance of your fault will you maintaine a iest now, my loue hath tired some fiddler like *Albano*, like the Perfumer.

Lar. Not I by blessednesse not I.

Mel. Come tis true, do but support the iest and you shal surfet, with laughter.

Iaco. Faith we condiscend, twill not be crofd I see, Marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Alba. B, b, b, bar out *Albano*, O Adulterous impudent.

Fran. B, b, b, bar out *Albano*, O thou matchlesse g, g, g, gigglet.

Enter Albano and Francisco.

Qua. Let them in, let them in, now, now, now obserue, obserue, look, look, look.

Iaco. That sames a fiddler, shapt like thee, feare naught, bee confident thou shalt know the iest heereafter, be confident; feare naught, blush not, stand firme.

Alba. Now brothers, now gallants, now sisters now call a Perfumer a gutter-maister, bar mee my house, beate mee: baffe mee

WHAT YOU WILL.

me, I kofse me, deride mee, ha that I were a young man againe,
by the mas I would ha you all by the eares, by the mas law; I
am *Francisco Soranza* am I not gigglet: strumpet, cutters, swag-
gerers, brothell haunTERS, I am *Francisco*, O god, O slaues, O
dogges, dogges, curres.

Iaco. No sir pray you pardon vs, we confesse you are not *Fran-*
cisco nor a Perfumer, but euen.

Alba. But euen *Albano*.

Iaco. But euen a fiddler, a miniken tickler, a pum, pum.

Fran. A scraper, scraper.

Art not asham'd before *Albanos* face,

To clip his spouze, O shamelesse impudent!

Iaco. Well said perfumer.

Alb. A fiddler a scraper, a miniken tickler, a pum, a pum, euen
now a Perfumer, now a fiddler, I will be euen *What you will*, do,
do, do, k, k, k, kisse my wife be, be, be, be, fore.

Qua. Why would'st haue him kisse her behind?

Alba. Before my owne f, f, f, face.

Iaco. Well done fiddler.

Alba. Ile f, f, fiddle yee.

Fran. Dost f, f, floute mee.

Alba. Dost m, m, m, mock me.

Fran. Ile to the Duke Ile p, p, p, passe vp infamies on euery
post.

Iaco. Twas rarely, rarely done, away, away. *Exit Francisco*.

Alba. Ile f, f, follow, though I st, st, st, stut, ile stumbl to the
Duke in p, p, plaine language, I pray you vse my wife well, good
faith shee was a kinde soule and an honest woman once, I was
her husband and was call'd *Albano* before I was drown'd, but
now after my resurrection I an I know not what indeede bro-
thers, and indeed sisters and in deed wife I am: *What you will*,
do'st thou laugh, dost thou ge, ge, ge, gerne; a p, p, p, perfumer a
fiddler, a *Diabalo, matre de Dios*, Ile f, f, f, firk you by the Lord
now, now I will.

Exit Albano.

Qua. Ha ha tis a good roague, a good roague.

WHAT YOU WIL.

Lau. A good roague ha, I know him not.

Celia. No good sweete loue come come dissemble not,

Lau. Nay if you dread nothing happy be my lot
Come *Via fest*, come faire cheekes, come lets dance,
The sweetes of loue is amorous dalliance.

L Celia. All friends, all happy friends, my vaines are light,
y. Thy praiers are now god send it quickly night.

Melet. And then come morning.

Ly. I thats the hopefull day.

Mel. I there thou hitst it.

Qua. Pray God he hit it.

Lau. Play.

The Daunce.

Iaco. They say ther's reuells and a Play at Court.

Lau. A Play to night?

Qua. It is this gallants wit,

Iaco. Ist good ist good?

Lamp. I feare twill hardly hit.

Qua. I like thy feare, wel, twil haue better chance,
Ther's naught more hatefull then ranck ignorance.

Celia. Come gallants the table spread will you to dinner?

Qua. Yes first a maine at dice and then wee le eate.

Sim. Truly the best wittes haue the bad'st fortune at dice
still.

Qua. Whole Play, whole play.

Sim. Not I, in truth I haue still exceeding bad fortune at
dice.

Celia. Come shall we in, infayth thou art suddaine sad,
Dost feare the shaddow of my long dead Lord.

Lauer, Shaddow ha I cannot tel
Time tryeth all things well, wel, well.

Qua. Would I were time then, I thought twas for some thing
that the old fornicator was bald beginnd; go passe on passe on.

Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT. 5. SCÆ. 1.

The Curtaines are drawne by a Page, and Celia and Lauerdure, Quadratus, and Lyzabetta, Lampatho and Meletza Simplicius, and Lucea displayed sitting at Dinner. The Song is sung, during which a Page whispers with Simplicius.

Qua. Feede and be fat my fayre Calipolis,
Ryo heer's good iuice, fresh Burrage boy?

Lam. I commend, commend my selfe to yee Lady.

Melet. In troth Sir you dwell farre from neighbours that are inforc'd to commend your selfe.

Qua. Why *Simplicius*, whether now man, for good fashions sake stirre not, sit still, sit still.

Sim. I must needs rise, much good do it you.

Qua. Dooft thou thinke thy rising will do them much good, sit still, sit still, carue me of that good *Melletza*: fill *Bacchus* fill.

Sim. I must needs bee gone, and youle come to my Chamber to morrow morning, Ile send you a hundred crownes.

Qua. In the name of Prosperitie, what tide of happinesse so suddainly is flou'd vpon thee.

Sim. Ile keepe a horse and foure boyes with grace of fortune now.

Qua. Now then ifaith get vp and ride.

Sim. And I do not? Ile thwack a Ierkin till he groane againe with Gold lace: let mee see, what should I desire of God, mary a Cloake linde with rich Taffata, white Sattin sute, and my gilt Rapier from pawne, nay shee shall giue me a Chaîne of Pearle that shall pay for all, good boy, good *Simior*, good boye, good *Simior*.

Qua. Why now, thou speaketh in the most imbrac'd fashion that our time hugges, no sooner a good fortune, or a fresh sute fallles vpon a fellow that would ha beene guld to ha shou'd into your society, but and he met you he fronts you with a faint eye, throwes a squint glaunce ouer a wried shoulder and cryes.

WHAT TOV WILL.

twixt the teeth, as very parcimonious of breath, good boy, good Sinior, good boy, good Sinior death: I will search the life bloud of your hopes.

Sim. And a fresh Pearle-colour silke stocking o I I I I, Ile goe to the halfe crowne ordinary euery meale, Ile haue my Iuory boxe of Tobacco, Ile conuerſe with none but Counts and Courtiers--now good boy, good Sinior, a paire of maſſie ſiluer Spurs, to a hatch ſhort ſword, and then your imbroderd hanger, and good Sinior.

Qua. Shut the windowes, darken the roome, fetch whips, the fellow is madde, hee raues, hee raues, talkes idly, lunatique, who procures thy---

Sim. One that has eate fat Capon, ſuckt the boild Chicken, & let out his wit with the foole of bounty, one *Fabius*, ile him, ſcorne he goes vpon Fridaies in black ſatten.

Qua. *Fabius*, by this light, a cogging Chetor, he liues on loue of Marchants wiues, hee ſtands on the baſe, of maines, hee furniſheth your ordinary, for which he feeds ſcot-free, keepes faire gold in his purſe, to put on vpon maines, by which he liues and keepes a faire boy at his heeles, he is dam'd *Fabius*.

Sim. He is a fine man law, and has a good wit, for when he liſt he can go in black Sattin, I and in a cloake lin'd with vnſhorne Veluet.

Qua. By the ſaluation of humanity he's more peſtilent then the plague of Lice that fell vpon *Egipt*, thou haſt bin knaue if thou credit it, thou art an Aſſe if thou follow it, & ſhalt be a perpetual Ideot if thou perſue it, renounce the world, the fleſh, the Diuell, and thy truſt in mens wiues for they wil double with thee, and ſo I betake my ſelfe to the ſucking of the iuice Capon, my ingle Bottle-ale, & his Gentleman vſher that ſquiers him red herring, a foole I found thee & a foole I leaue thee, beare record heauē tis againſt the prouidence of my ſpeech, God boy good Sinior.

Enter Slip Nows, Doite, and Bydet.

Exit.

Sim. Ha, ha, ha, God boy good Sinior, what a foole 'tis, ha, ha, what an Aſſe 'tis, ſaue you young Gentlemen, is ſhee comming, will ſhe meete me, ſhal's incounter ha?

Byd. You

Byd. You were not lapt in your Mothers smock, you ha not a good cheeke, an inticing eye, a smooth skinne, a well shapt leg, a faire hand, you cannot bring a wench into a fooles parradize for you?

Sim. Not I by this garter, I am a foole, a very Ninny I, how call you her? how call you her?

Byd. Call her, you rise on your right side to day marry, call her, her name is Mistresse *Perpetuana*, shee is not very faire, nor goes extraordinary gay.

Sim. She has a good skinne?

Byd. A good skin? she is wealthy, her husbands a foole, sheele make you, she weares the breeches: sheele make you.

Sim. He keepe two men and they shall be Taylors, they shall make futes continually, and those shall be cloath of siluer.

Byd. You may go in beaten pretious Stones every day, marry I must acquaint you with some obseruances which you must persue most religiously, she has a foole, a naturall foole waights on her, that is indeed her pander to him, at the first you must be bounteous, what-so-ere hee craues, bee it your Hatte, Cloake, Rapier, Purse, or such trifle, giu't, giu't, the night will pay all: and to draw all suspect, from persuing her, loue for base gaine sake.

Sim. Giu't by this light, He giu't, wert, gaine, I care not for her Chaine of Pearle, onely her loue; gaine? the first thing her bouity shal fetch is my blush colour Satten sute frō pawn: gaine?

Byd. When you heare one winde a Cornet, shee is comming downe *Saint Markes* streete, prepare your speech, suck your lippes, lighten your spirits, fresh your bloud, sleeke your cheekes, for now thou shalt be made for euer (a perpetuall and eternall gu'l.) *Exit Bydet.*

Sim. I shall so rauish her with my court-ship, I haue such variety of discourse, such copy of phrase to begin, as this; sweete Lady *Vlisses* Dog after his Maisters ten yeares trauell, I shall so tidle her, or thus, Pure beauty there is a stone.

Slip. Two stones man.

Sim. Called, 'tis no matter what; I ha the eloquence; I am not to seeke I warrant you.

WHAT YOU WILL.

The Cornet is winded, Enter Pippo Bydet, Pippo attired like a Merchants wife, and Bydet like a Foole.
Sweete Lady *Ulysses* dog, there's a stone called --, O Lord what shall I say.

Slip. Is all your eloquence come to this?

Sim. The glorious radiant of your glimmering eies, your glittering beauties blind my witt and dazled my --

Pippo. Ile put on my maske and please you, pray you winke, pray you.

Bydet. O fine man, my mistresse loues you best, I dreamt you ga me this sword and dagger, I loue your Hatte and Feather, O.

Sim. Do not crie man, do not crie man, thou shalt ha them I and they were --

Bydet. O that purse with all the white pence in it, fine man I loue you, giue you the fine red pence soone at night, he, I thanke you where's the foole now?

Sim. He has all my money, I haue to keepe my selfe, and --

Slip. Pocht.

Pippo. Sir the foole shall lead you to my house, the foole shall not, at night I expect you, till then take this seale of my affe--
Within Qua. What *Simplicius*. (section.

Sim. I come *Quadratus*, Gentlemen as yet I can but thanke you, but I must bee trusted for my ordinary soone at night, or stay Ile--the foole has vnfurnisht mee, but 'twill come againe, good boy.

Within, Qua. What ho *Simplicius*?

Sim. Good boy, good boyes, I come, I come, good boyes, good boyes.

Byd. The foole shall waight on thee, Now do I merrit to bee yclipped *Bosphores Carmelydon Honorificacuminos Bydet*, who who has any square Dice?

Pippo. Marry Sir that haue I.

Byd. Thou shalt loose thy share for it in our purchase.

Pippo. I pray you now, pray you now.

Byd. Sooner the whiffell of a Marriner,
Shall sleeke the rough curbes of the *Ocean* back,

Now

Now speake I like my selfe thou shalt loose thy share.

*Enter Quadratus, Lauerdure and Celia, Simplicius
Meletza, Lyzabetta Lucea and Lampatho.*

Pip. Ha take all then, ha.

Qua. Without cloake or hat or rapier figh,

Sim. Gods me, looke yonder, who gaue you these things?

Byd. Mistris *Perpetuanos* foole.

Sim. Mistris *Perpetuanos* foole, ha, ha, there lies a iest, *Senior* the foole promised me he would not leaue me.

Byd. I know the foole well, he will sticke to you, dos not vse to for-sake any youth that is inamord on an other mans wife, hee striues to keepe company with a crimson fatten sute continually, he loues to be all one with a critique, a good wit selfe conceited, a hauke bearer, a dogge keeper, and great with the nobility, hee doates vpon a meere scholler an honest flat foole, but a boue all hee is all one with a fellow whose cloake hath abetter inside then his out side and his body richer liu'd then his braine.

Sim. Vds so I am cosoned.

Pip. Pray you maister pardon me, I must loose my share.

Sim. Giue me my purse againe.

Byd. You gaue it me and Ile keept.

Qua. Well done my honest crack thou shalt be my ingle fort.

Lau. He shall keepe all maigre thy beardles chin thy eyes.

Sim. I may go starue till Midsomer quarter.

Qua. Foole get thee hence,

Pip. Ile to schoole againe that I will, Ile st in *Asse in presenty*, and Ile begin in *Asse in presenty* and so good night faire gentry.

Exit Pippo.

Qua. The triple Ideouts coxcombe crownes thee,

Bitter epigrames confound thee.

Cucold be when ere thou brid thee,

Through euery comick sceane be drawne,

Neuer come thy cloathes from pawne.

WHAT YOU WILL.

Neuer may thy shame be sheathed,
Neuer kisse a wench sweet breathed.

Cornets sound.

*Enter as many Pages with Torches as you can, Randolph and
Adrian, Iacomo bare, the Duke with attendantes.*

Ran. Seace the Duke approacheth tis almost night,
For the Dukes vp, now begins his day
Come grace his entrance; lightes lightes now ginnes our play.

Dnk. Still these same bauling pipes, sound softer straines
Slumber our scence, tut these are vulger straines,
Cannot your trembling wiers throw a chaine
Of powerfull rapture bout our mazed scence
Why is our chaire thus cushion'd tapistry
Why is our bed tired with wanton sportes?
Why are we cloath'd in glistring attiers,
If common bloudes can heare, can, feele,
Can sit as soft, lie as lasciuious
Stut all as rich as the greatest Potentate,
Soule, and you cannot feast my thirsting eares
With aught but what the lip of common berth can tast,
Take all away your labors idly wast
What sport for night.

Lam. A Commedy, intituled *Temperance.*

Duk. What sot elects that subiect for the Court,
What should dame *Temperance* do heere, away,
The itch on *Temperance* your morrall play.

Qua. Duke, Prince, royall blood, thou that hast the best
meanes to be damn'd of any Lord in *Veince*, thou great man, let
me kisse thy flesh, I am fat and therefore faithfull, I will do that
which few of thy subiects do; loue thee, but I will neuer do, that
which all thy subiects do; flatter thee, thy humors reall, good, a
Commedie?

No and thy scence would banquet in delights,
Appropriat to the blood of Emperors;
Peculier to the state of Maiesty,

That

WHAT YOU WILL.

That none can relish but dilated greatnesse.
 Vouchsafe to view the structure of a sceane
 That stands on tragike sollid passion,
 O thats fit traffick to commerce with birthes:
 Straind from the mud of base vnble braines,
 Giue them a sceane may force their struggling bloud
 Rise vp on tiptoe in attention,
 And fill their intellect with pure elixid wit,
 O thats for greatnesse apt, for Princes fit.

Duke. Darst thou then vndertake to sute our cares,
 With such rich vestment.

Qua. Dare; yes my Prince I dare, nay more, I will,
 And Ile present a subiect worth thy soule:
 The honor'd end of *Cato Utican.*

Duk. Whole personate him.

Qua. Marry that wil I on suddaine without change.

Duk. Thou want'st a beard.

Qua. Tush a beard nere made *Cato*, though many mens *Cato*
 hang onely on their chin.

Suppose this flowre the *City utica*,
 The time the night that prolong'd *Catos* death:
 Now being plac'd mouning his Philosophers,
 These first discourse the soules eternity.

Iaco. *Cato* grantes that I am sure, for he was valiant, and honest, which an *Epicure* nere was, and a coward neuer will be.

Qua. Then *Cato* holdes a distinct notion,
 Of indiuiduall actions after death:

This being argu'd his resolute maintaines,
 A true magnanimous spirit should giue vp durt
 To durt, and with his owne flesh dead his flesh,
 Fore chance should force it crouch vnto his foe:
 To kill ones selfe, some I, some hold it no,
 O these are pointes would intice away ones soule:

To breakes indenture of base prentisage, *Enter Francisco.*
 And run away from's boddy in swift thoughts
 To melt in contemplation lushious sweetes,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Now my voluptuous Duke ile feede thy science,
Worth his creation giue me audience.

Fran. My leidge my royall leidge, heare, heare my sute.

Qua. Now may thy breath more smell sweete as long as thy
louns can pant for breaking my speech, thou muscouite, thou
stinking perfumer.

Enter Albano.

Duke. Is not this *Albano* our some times Courtier?

Fran. No troth but *Francisco* your alwaies perfumer.

Alba. *Lorenzo Celfo* our braue *Venice Duke Albano*, *Belletzo*,
thy Merchant, thy soldier, thy Coutier, thy slaue, thy any-thing,
thy *What thou wilt*, kisse thy nobie blood doe mee right or els
I am canonized a cuckold, canonized a cuckold, I am abus'd, I
am abusd, my wifes abusd, my cloathes abusd, my shape, my
house my all abusd, I am sworne out of my selfe, beated out of
my selfe bassled geird at, hanght at, bard my owne house, de-
bard my owne wife, whilst others swill my wiues gurmardize,
my meat, meat, kisse my wife, O gods, O gods, O gods, O gods,
O gods.

Lauer. Who ist? who ist?

Celia. Come sweete this is you waggery. ysaith, as if you
knew him not.

La. Yes I feare I do too wel, would I could slide away invisible:

Duke. Assured this is hee.

Iaco. My worthy leidge the iest comes only thus.
Now to stop and crosse it with nere like deceite:

All being knowne the *French* knight hath disguisd,
A fiddler like *Albano* too, to fright the perfumer, this is all.

Duke. Art sure tis true.

Melet. Tis confest tis right.

Alba. I tis right, tis true, right, I am a fiddler, a fiddler, a fid-
ler vds fut a fidler; Ile not beleue thee thou art a woman, and
tis knowne *veritas non querit angulos*, truth seekes not to lurke
vnder varthingalls *veritas non querit angulo*, a fidler?

Lau. Worthy sir pardon, and permit me first to confesse your
selfe, your deputation dead, hath made my loue liue, to offend
you.

Alba. I mock on, I kofse on flo ut on, do do do.

Lauer.

WHAT YOU WILL.

Lan. Troth sir in serious.

Alba. I good, good, come hether *Celia*,
Burst breast, riue heart a sunder? *Celia*
Why startest thou back, seest thou this *Celia*
O me how often with lasciuious touch thy lip,
Hath kissd this mark, how oft this much wrong'd breast
Hath borne the gentle waight of thy soft cheeke.

Celia. O me my deereft Lord my sweete, sweete loue.

Alba. What a fidler, a fidler now thy loue.
I am sure thou skornst; it nay *Celia*, I could tell
What on the night before I went to sea,
And tooke my leaue with *Hymencall* rights.
What, thou lispst
Into my eare, a fid'ler and perfumer now.

Adri. And ~~—————~~

Ran. Deere brother.

Iaco. Most respected *Senior*,
Beleeue it by the sacred end of loue,
What much, much wronge hath forc'd your patience
Proceeded from most deere affied loue,
Deuoted to your house.

Adri. Beleeue it brother.

Iaco. Nay your selfe when you shall heare the occurraunces
will say tis happy commicall.

Ran. Assure thee brother.

Alba. Shall I be braue, shall I be my selfe now, loue giue me
thy loue, brothers giue me your breastis, *French* knight reach me
thy hand, perfumer thy fist: Duke I inuite thee, loue I forgiue
thee: *Frenchman* I hug thee, Ile know all, ile pardon all, and Ile

Qua. And ile curse you all. (laugh at all.)
O yee ha interrupt a sceane.

Duke. *Quadratus* we will heare these pointes discussd,
With apter and more calme affected houres.

Qua. Well, good, good.

Alba. Wast euen so yfaith why then caprichious mirth,
Skip light moriscoes in our frolick bloud,
Flaggd veines, sweete plump with fresh infused ioyes:

WHAT YOU WILL.

Laughter pucker our cheekes, make shoulders shog,
With clucking lightnesse, loue once more thy lippes,
For euer claspe our hands, our hearts, our Creasts,
Thus front, thus eyes, thus cheek, thus all shall meere.
Shall clip, shall hug, shall kisse, my deere, deere sweete,
Duke wilt thou see me reuell, come loue daunce,
Court gallants court, suck amorous dalliance.

Lam. Beauty your heart. *Melet.* First sir accept my hands.
Shee leapes too rash, that falls in suddeine bands.

Lam. Shall I dispaire? neuer will I loue more.

Melet. No sea so boundles vast but hath a shore.

Qua. Why marry me.

Thou canst haue but soft flesh, good bloud, sound bones.
And that which fills vp all your bracks, good stones.

Lyzabet. Stones, Trees and beasts in loue still firmer prooue,
Then man, Ile none no hold-fastes in your loues.

Lan. Since not the Mistresse, come on Faith the maide.

Alba. Ten thousand Duckets too to bote are laide.

Lan. Why then winde Cornets, lead on iolly ladde.

Alla. Excuse me gallants though my legges lead wrong.

'Tis my first footing, winde out nimble tongue.

Duke. 'Tis well, 'tis well, how shall we spend this night?

Qua. Gulpe Rhenish Wine my liedge, let our paunch rent,
Suck merry Gellyes, preuiew but not preuent
No mortall can the miseries of life.

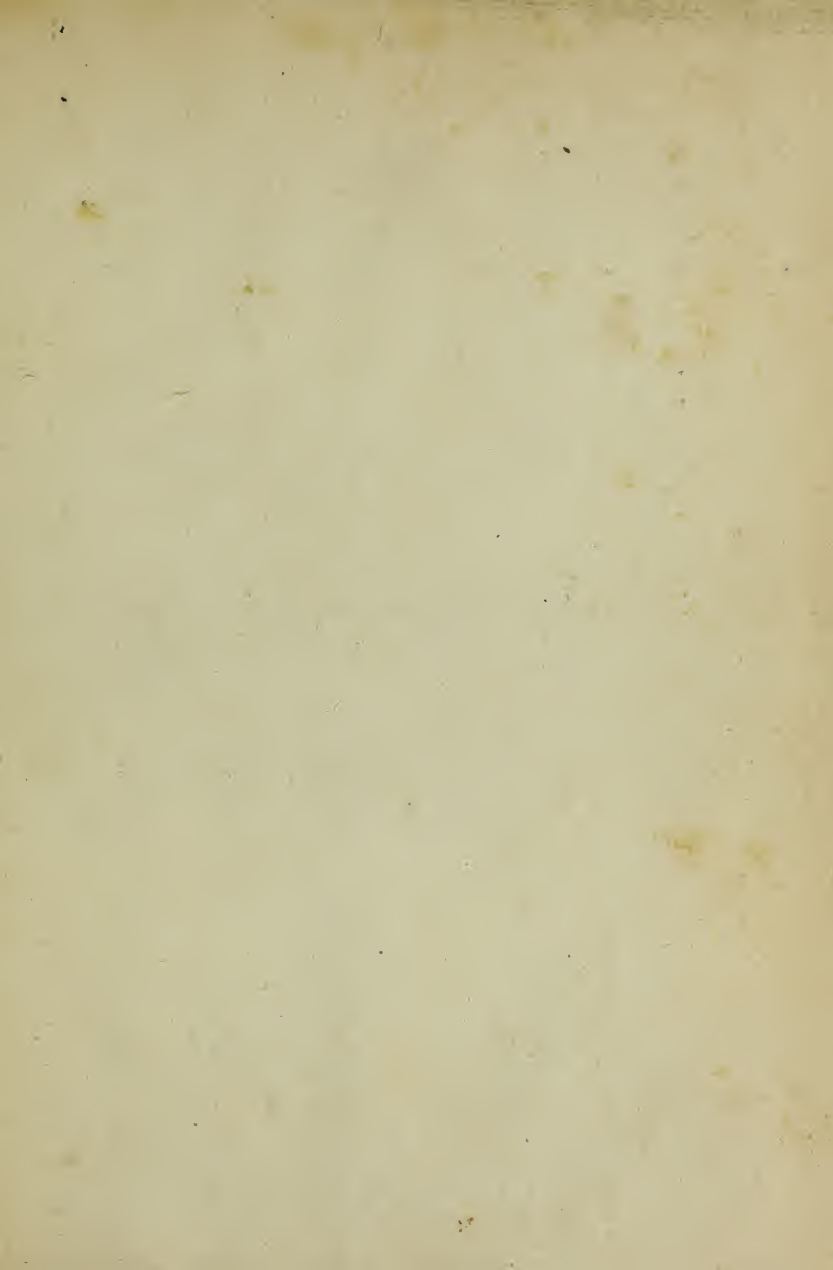
Alba. I home inuite you all, come sweete, sweete wife,
My liedge vouchsafe thy presence, drinke till the ground looke
blew, boy.

Qua. Liue still springing hopes, still in fresh new ioyes,
May your loues happy hit in faire cheekt wiues,
Your flesh still plumpe with sap'd restoratiues,
That's all my honest frolick heart can wish,
A Fico for the mew and Enuious pish,
Till night, I wish good food, and pleasing day,
But then sound rest, so ends or slight writ play.

Exeunt.

Deo op: max: gratias.

FINIS.









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